

SCENE SHOWN
 THE PORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN
 CLOSED FROM
 CHINESE IMMIGRATION.



WATTS'S PATENT VOL. II.
 In the hand he puts his rod
 And closes the brightest seas.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense — We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the blessing, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and love like his.

GROVE,

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise. —
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine.

} BRITANNICUS.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.
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VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE SPODES BIBLE, NEAR THE MARKET.
1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS
PSALMS OF DAVID,
Imitated in the Language of
THE NEW TESTAMENT,
And applied to
THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP,
WITH PREFACE, NOTES, INDEXES,

Luke xxiv. 44. All things must be fulfilled which were written in the Psalms concerning me.

Heb. xi. 32.—David, Samuel, and the Prophets, ver. 40.—That they without us should not be made perfect.

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers first attempt
To gain thy native skies.—With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father.

STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

PHILOMELA.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.
transliterated in the Language of
PSALMS OF DAVID.
CONTAINING HIS

THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP,
WITH PREFACE, NOTES, INDEXES,
AND APPLIED TO



MUSEUM

[illegible]

AT THE Office of the
RECORDS
JAN 1 1882

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM LXVI. The first part.

Governing power and goodness, or, Our grace tried by afflictions.

SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise,
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2. Say to the Pow'r that shakes the sky

"How terrible art thou!

"Sinners before thy presence fly,

"Or at thy feet they bow."

[3. Come see the wonders of our God,

How glorious are his ways!

In Moses' hand he puts his rod,

And cleaves the frightened seas.

4. He made the ebbing channel dry

While Israel pass'd the flood;

There did the church begin their joy

And triumph in their God.]

5. He rules by his resistless might;

Will rebel mortals dare

Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,

And tempt that dreadful war?

6. O bless our God, and never cease!
 Ye saints fulfil his praise,
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways. 24

7. Lord thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls
 To make our graces shine;
 So silver bears the burning coals
 The metal to refine. 28

8. Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand. 32

PSALM LXVI. ver. 13,—20. Second part.

Praise to God for bearing prayer.

Now shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that almighty Pow'r
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour. 4

2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known;
 Come ye that fear my God and hear
 The wonders he has done. 8

3. When on my head huge sorrows fell
 I sought his heav'nly aid;
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell
 And death's eternal shade. 12

4. If sin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung. 10

5. But God (his name be ever blest!)
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me. 20

PSALM LXVII.

The nation's prosperity and the church's increase.

SHINE mighty God! on Britain shine
With beams of heav'nly grace,
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face. 4

[2. Amidst our isle exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the fav'rite land.] 8

3. When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God? 12

4. Sing to the Lord ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice,
While British tongues exalt his praise
And British hearts rejoice. 16

5. He the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the world he made
In justice and in love. 26

6. Earth shall obey her Maker's will
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace. 24

7. God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear *. 28

PSALM LXVIII. First part. Ver. 1, — 6. 32, — 35.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies. 4

[2. He comes array'd in burning flames,
Justice and Vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.] 8

* Having translated the scene of this Psalm to Great Britain, I have borrowed a devout and poetical wish for the happiness of my native land from Zech. li. 3. and offered it up in the second stanza. I will be a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.

3. He rides and thunders thro' the sky,
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name ye sons of grace,
Ye saints rejoice before his face. 12

4. The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just a Father kind. 16

5. He breaks the captive's heavy chain
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still. 20

6. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Crown him ye nations in your song;
His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse. 24

7. He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar throne. 28

8. Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest,
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint
God is the strength of ev'ry saint. 32

And lodge our days with righteousness
And lodge our days with righteousness
And lodge our days with righteousness
And lodge our days with righteousness

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. Second part.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

LORD! when thou didst ascend on high
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky,
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
 2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
 3. How bright the triumph none can tell
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell
 That thousand souls had captive made
 Were all in chains like captives led.
 4. Rais'd by his Father to the throne
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again †.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 19, 20, 21, 22. Third part.

Praise for temporal blessings, or, Common and special mercies.

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
 Who pours his blessings from the skies
 And loads our days with rich supplies.

† The 17th and 18th verses of this Psalm are applied to the ascension of Christ, *Eph.* iv. 8. and the promised Spirit was then given to men, *Acts* ii. 33.

4. He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

4. He makes the faint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love,
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.

5. The Lord that bruised the serpent's head
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6. But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love †.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 1.—14. First part. Com. Metre.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

"SAVE me O God! the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul;
"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
"Like mighty waters roll.

† The verses marked in the title afforded me several hints to form a divine song on the subject there expressed.

2. "I cry till all my voice be gone,
 "In tears I waste the day,
 "My God! behold my longing eyes,
 "And shorten thy delay.
3. "They hate my soul without a cause,
 "And still their number grows
 "More than the hairs around my head,
 "And mighty are my foes.
4. "Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
 "That men could never pay,
 "And gave those honours to thy law
 "Which sinners took away.
5. Thus in the great Messiah's name
 The royal prophet mourns,
 Thus he awakes our hearts to grief
 And gives us joy by turns.
6. "Now shall the saints rejoice and find
 "Salvation in my name,
 "For I have borne their heavy load
 "Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
7. "Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
 "And sackcloth was my dress,
 "While I procur'd for naked souls
 "A robe of righteousness.
8. "Amongst my brethren and the Jews
 "I like a stranger stood,
 "And bore their vile reproach to bring
 "The Gentiles near to God.

9. "I came in sinful mortals' stead
 "To do my Father's will,
 "Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house
 "They scandaliz'd my zeal.
 10. "My fasting and my holy groans
 "Were made the drunkard's song,
 "But God from his celestial throne
 "Heard my complaining tongue.
 11. "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
 "Nor let my soul be drown'd,
 "He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
 "On well establish'd ground.
 12. "'Twas in a most accepted hour
 "My pray'r arose on high,
 "And for my sake my God shall hear
 "The dying sinner's cry †."

PSALM LXIX. ver. 14, — 21, 26, 29, 32. Second part.

Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

Now let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure sing
 The suff'rings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.

† Stan. vii. I borrow the robe of righteousness from Ps. lxi. 10.
 to answer the garment of sackcloth, ver. 11.

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2. He sinks in floods of deep distress; 1
 How high the waters rise! 2
 While to his heav'nly Father's ear I cry 3
 He sends perpetual cries. 4

3. "Hear me O Lord, and save thy Son," 1
 "Nor hide thy shining face; 2
 "Why should thy favorite look like one 3
 "Forlaken of thy grace? 4

4. "With rage they persecute the man," 1
 "That groans beneath thy wound, 2
 "While for a sacrifice I pour 3
 "My life upon the ground. 4

5. "They tread my honour to the dust," 1
 "And laugh when I complain; 2
 "Their sharp insulting slanders add 3
 "Fresh anguish to my pain. 4

6. "All my reproach is known to thee," 1
 "The scandal and the shame; 2
 "Reproach has broke my bleeding heart, 3
 "And lies defil'd my name. 4

7. "I look'd for pity but in vain;" 1
 "My kindred are my grief; 2
 "I ask my friends for comfort round 3
 "But meet with no relief. 4

8. "With vinegar they mock my thirst," 1
 "They give me gall for food, 2
 "And sporting with my dying groans 3
 "They triumph in my blood. 4

9. "Shine into my distressed soul;

"Let thy compassions save,

"And tho' my flesh sink down to death

"Redeem it from the grave. 36

10. "I shall arise to praise thy name;

"Shall reign in worlds unknown,

"And thy salvation O my God!

"Shall seat me on thy throne. 40

PSALM LXIX. Third part. Common Metre.

Christ's obedience and death, or, God glorified and sinners saved.

FATHER! I sing thy wondrous grace,

I bless my Saviour's name,

He bought salvation for the poor,

And bore the sinner's shame. 1

2. His deep distress has rais'd us high,

His duty and his zeal

Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke

And finish'd all thy will. 3

3. His dying groans his living songs

Shall better please my God

Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound;

Than goats' or bullocks' blood. 12

4. This shall his humble followers see

And set their hearts at rest;

They by his death draw near to thee

And live for ever blest. 16

5. Let heav'n and all that dwell on high
 To God their voices raise,
 While lands and seas assist the sky
 And join t' advance the praise.

6. Zion is thine most holy God
 Thy Son shall bless her gates,
 And glory purchas'd by his blood
 For thy own Israel waits.

PSALM LXIX. First part. Long Metre.

Christ's passion and sinners' salvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
 Behold the rising billows roll
 To overwhelm his holy soul!

2. In long complaints he spends his breath;
 While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death
 And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their curs'd design.

3. Yet gracious God! thy pow'r and love
 Has made the curse a blessing prove;
 Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4. The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honours of thy law restor'd,
 His sorrows made thy justice known,
 And paid for follies not his own.

5. O for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live!
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame. 20

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.

Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

'Twas for thy sake eternal God!
 Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
 Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
 And shame defil'd his sacred face. 10

2. The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
 Abus'd the Man that check'd their sin;
 While he fulfill'd thy holy laws
 They hate him, but without a cause. 8

[3. "My Father's house," said he, "was made
 "A place for worship not for trade;"
 Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass
 He scourg'd the merchants from the place.] 12

[4. Zeal for the temple of his God
 Consum'd his life expos'd his blood;
 Reproaches at thy glory thrown
 He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.] 16

[5. His friends forsook his followers fled,
 While foes and arms surround his head;
 They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
 And the false judge maintains the wrong.] 20

6. His life they load with hateful lies,
 And charge his lips with blasphemies;
 They nail him to the shameful tree;
 There hung the Man that dy'd for me. 24

[7. Wretches with hearts as hard as stones
 Insult his piety and groans;
 Gall was the food they gave him there,
 And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.] 28

8. But God beheld, and from his throne
 Marks out the men that hate his Son;
 The hand that rais'd him from the dead
 Shall pour the vengeance on their head *. 32

PSALM LXXI. ver. 5,—9. First part.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

My God, my everlasting hope!
 I live upon thy truth,
 Thine hands have held my childhood up
 And strengthen'd all my youth. 4

* In both the metres of this Psalm I have applied it to the sufferings of Christ; as The New Testament gives sufficient reason by several citations of this Psalm, from which places I have borrowed the particulars of his suffering for our sins, his scourging the buyers and sellers out of the temple, his crucifixion, &c.; but I have omitted the dreadful imprecations on his enemies, except what is inserted in this last stanza in the way of a prediction or threatening. — Stanza v. The false Judge is the high priest, not Pilate.

2. My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r
 With all these limbs of mine,
 And from my mother's painful hour
 I've been entirely thine.

3. Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated ev'ry year;
 Behold my days that yet remain
 I trust them to thy care.

4. Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise,
 And round me let thy glories shine
 Whene'er thy servant dies.

5. Then in the hist'ry of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
 In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. VER. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second part.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

My Saviour, my almighty Friend!
 When I begin thy praise
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace?

2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore,
 And since I knew thy graces first
 I speak thy glories more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength
To see my Father God.

4. When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing!

[6. My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame
And drown'd them in his blood.

7. Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

‡ If these verses of the Psalmist do not directly intend that in God our Saviour is our righteousness and strength, as *Iſa.* xlv. 21,—25. yet there is a fair occasion given in the words for this evangelical turn of thought.

PSALM LXXI. VER. 17.—21. Third part.

*The aged Christian's prayer and song, or, Old age, death,
and the resurrection.*

God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days!

I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways:

2. Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3. Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,

And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4. The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;

O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

5. Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds,

Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6. Oft' have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
 And oft' endur'd the grief,
 But when thy hand has press'd me fore,
 Thy grace was my relief.

7. By long experience have I known
 Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.

8. When I lie bury'd deep in dust
 My flesh shall be thy care;
 These with'ring limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair †.

PSALM LXXII. First part.
The kingdom of Christ.

GREAT God! whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heav'n submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

† So fair a profession and faith of the resurrection in ver. 20.
 I could not omit without injury to the Psalmist and to my own
 design.

3. With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time, be past.

4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5. The Heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6. The fountains shall flourish in his days
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

[7. Where he displays his healing pow'r

Death and the sting of sin shall cease.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

[2. Behold the islands with their kings
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3. There Persia, glorious to behold,
 There India shines in eastern gold,
 And barb'rous nations at his word
 Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

4. For him shall endless pray'r be made;
 And praises throng to crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

5. People and realms of ev'ry tongue
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.

6. Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
 The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

[7. Where he displays his healing pow'r
 Death and the curse are known no more;
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.

8. Let ev'ry creature life and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King,
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

PSALM LXXIII. First part. Common Metre.

Afflicted saints happy and prosperous, sinners cursed.

Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
 To men of heart sincere,
 Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd
 And border'd on despair.

2. I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
 And spoke with angry breath,
 "How pleasant and profane they live,
 "How peaceful is their death!"

3. "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
 "They lay their fears to sleep,
 "Against the heav'n their slanders rise
 "While saints in silence weep."

4. "In vain I lift my hands to pray
 "And cleanse my heart in vain,
 "For I am chasten'd all the day,
 "The night renews my pain."

5. Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints
 I felt my heart reprove;
 "Sure I shall thus offend thy saints
 "And grieve the men I love."

6. But still I found my doubts too hard,
 The conflict too severe,
 Till I retir'd to search thy word
 And learn thy secrets there.

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7. There as in some prophetick glasse
 I saw the sinner's feet
 High mounted on a slipp'ry place
 Beside a fiery pit. 28

8. I heard the wretch profanely boast
 Till at thy frown he fell;
 His honours in a dream were lost,
 And he awakes in hell. 32

9. Lord, what an envious fool I was!
 How like a thoughtless beast!
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace
 And think the wicked blest. 36

10. Yet was I kept from full despair
 Upheld by pow'r unknown;
 That blessed hand that broke the snare
 Shall guide me to thy throne. 40

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 23.—28. Second part.

Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

God! my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair. 4

2. Thy counsels Lord! shall guide my feet
 Thro' this dark wilderness,
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat
 To dwell before thy face. 8

3. Were I in heav'n without my God
'Twould be no joy to me,
And whilst this earth is my abode
I long for none but thee.

4. What if the springs of life were broke
And flesh and heart should faint
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5. Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6. But to draw near to thee my God
Shall be my sweet employ,
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17, — 20.

Long Metre.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

LORD! what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high
In pride and robes of honour shine!

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2. But O! their end, their dreadful end!
 Thy sanctuary taught me so;
 On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
 And fiery billows roll below.

3. Now let them boast how tall they rise,
 I'll never envy them again;
 There they may stand with haughty eyes
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4. Their fancy'd joys how fast they fly!
 Just like a dream when man awakes;
 Their songs of softest harmony
 Are but a preface to their plagues.

5. Now I esteem their mirth and wine
 Too dear to purchase with my blood;
 Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there 's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain,
 Tho' men of vice may boast aloud
 And men of grace complain.

2. I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes
 In robes of honour shine.

[3. Pamper'd with wanton ease
 Their flesh looks full and fair,
 Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas
 And grows without their care. 12

4. Free from the plagues and pains
 That pious souls endure,
 Thro' all their life oppression reigns
 And racks the humble poor. 16

5. Their impious tongues blaspheme
 The everlasting God,
 Their malice blasts the good man's name
 And spreads their lies abroad. 20

6. But I with flowing tears
 Indulg'd my doubts to rise,
 "Is there a God that sees or hears
 "The things below the skies?" 24

7. The tumults of my thought
 Held me in hard suspense,
 Till to thy house my feet were brought
 To learn thy justice thence. 28

8. Thy word with light and pow'r
 Did my mistakes amend;
 I view'd the sinners' life before,
 But here I learn'd their end. 32

9. On what a slipp'ry steep
 The thoughtless wretches go!
 And O that dreadful fiery deep
 That waits their fall below! 36

10. Lord! at thy feet I bow,
 My thoughts no more repine;
 I call my God my portion now,
 And all my pow'rs are thine †. 40

PSALM LXXIV.

The church pleading with God under sore persecutions.

WILL God for ever cast us off,
 His wrath for ever smoke
 Against the people of his love,
 His little chosen flock? 4

2. Think of the tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's blood,
 Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
 Where once thy glory stood. 8

3. Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
 Aloud our ruin calls;
 See what a wide and fearful waste
 Is made within thy walls! 12

4. Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
 Thy foes profanely roar,
 Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
 Sad tokens of their pow'r! 16

† This Psalm is a most noble composition, the design and model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable pattern for a poet to copy; but it being one single scheme of thought I was obliged to contract it that it might be sung at once, though the dignity and beauty of the ode suffers much by this means.

5. How are the seats of worship broke!
 They tear thy buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest stroke
 Procures the chief renown. 20

6. With flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy children in their nest;
 "Come let us burn at once," they cry,
 "The temple and the priest." 24

7. And still to heighten our distress
 Thy presence is withdrawn;
 Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
 Thy pow'r and grace are gone. 28

8. No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
 But all the seers mourn;
 There's not a soul amongst us knows
 The time of thy return. 32

PAUSE.

9. How long, eternal God! how long
 Shall men of pride blaspheme?
 Shall saints be made their endless song,
 And bear immortal shame? 36

10. Canst thou for ever sit and hear
 Thine holy name profan'd,
 And still thy jealousy forbear,
 And still withhold thine hand? 40

11. What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown
 In ages long before!
 And now no other God we own,
 No other God adore. 44

12. Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight. 48

13. Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine
And mark the sun his way? 52

14. Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost
In their perpetual rounds? 56

15. And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred Pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name? 60

16. Think on the cov'nant thou hast made
And all thy words of love,
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove. 64

17. Our foes would triumph in our blood
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause almighty God!
And give thy children rest. 68

PSALM XXXV.

Power and government from God alone.

*Applied to the glorious revolution by King William, or the
happy accession of King George to the throne.*

To Thee most holy and most high!

To thee we bring our thankful praise;

Thy works declare thy name is high,

Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2. Britain was doom'd to be a slave,

Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great,

When God a new supporter gave

To bear the pillars of the state.

3. He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,

And sware to rule by wholesome laws;

His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,

His arm defend the righteous cause.

4. Let haughty sinners sink their pride,

Nor lift so high their scornful head,

But lay their foolish thoughts aside,

And own the king that God hath made.

5. Such honours never come by chance,

Nor do the winds promotion blow;

'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,

'Tis God that lays another low.

6. No vain pretence to royal birth
 Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
 God, the great Sov'reign of the earth,
 Will rise and make his justice known. 24

[7. His hand holds out the dreadful cup
 Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,
 To make the wicked drink them up,
 Wring out and taste the bitter dregs. 28

8. Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
 And while he tramples on the proud
 And lays their glory in the dust
 My lips shall sing his praise aloud.] 32

PSALM LXIV.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed, or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

IN Judah God of old was known,
 His name in Israel great,
 In Salem stood his holy throne,
 And Sion was his seat. 4

2. Among the praises of his saints
 His dwelling there he chose,
 There he receiv'd their just complaints
 Against their haughty foes. 8

3. From Sion went his dreadful word
 And broke the threat'ning spear,
 The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
 And crush'd th' Assyrian war. 12

4. What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?

The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5. 'Twas Sion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might slept fast in death
And never found their hands.

6. At thy rebuke O Jacob's God!
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod,
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7. What pow'r can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light
The earth lies still and fears.

8. When God in his own sov'reign ways
Comes down to save th' oppressed
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

[9. Vow to the Lord and tribute bring;
Ye princes fear his frown;
His terrour shakes the proudest king
And cuts an army down.]

10. The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel,
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Sion still.]

PSALM LXXVII. First part.

Melancholy assaulting and hope prevailing.

To God I cry'd, with mournful voice

I sought his gracious ear;

In the sad day when troubles rose

And fill'd the night with fear.

2. Sad were my days and dark my nights;

My soul refus'd relief;

I thought on God the just and wise,

But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3. Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd

My heart began to break;

My God! thy wrath forbid my rest

And kept my eyes awake.

4. My overwhelming sorrows grew

Till I could speak no more;

Then I within myself withdrew

And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5. I call'd back years and ancient times

When I beheld thy face;

My spirit search'd for secret crimes

That might withhold thy grace.

6. I call'd thy mercies to my mind

Which I enjoy'd before;

And will the Lord no more be kind,

His face appear no more?

7. Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8. But I forbid this hopeleſs thought,
This dark deſpairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is ſtill the ſame.

9. I'll think again of all thy ways
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recover'ing grace,
When fleſh could help no more.

10. Grace dwells with juſtice on the throne,
And men that love thy word
Have in thy ſanctuary known
The counſels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. Second part.

Comfort derived from ancient providences, or, Israel deli-
vered from Egypt and brought to Canaan.

"How awful is thy chaſt'ning rod?
"(May thy own children ſay)
"The great, the wiſe, the dreadful, God!
"How holy is his way!

2. I'll meditate his works of old,
The King that reigns above
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to truſt his love.

3. Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest,
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4. The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes,
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5. Israel his people and his sheep
Must follow where he calls;
He bids them venture thro' the deep
And made the waves their walls.

6. The waters saw thee mighty God,
The waters saw thee come,
Backward they fled and frighted stood
To make thine armies room.

7. Strange was thy journey thro' the sea,
Thy footsteps Lord unknown,
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

[8. Thy voice with terror in the sound
Thro' clouds and darkness broke,
All heav'n in lightning flung around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9. Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10. He gave them water from the rock,
 And safe by Moses' hand,
 Thro' a dry desert led his flock
 Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. First part.

Providences of God recorded, or, Pious education and instruction of children.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old,
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

2. He bids us make his glories known,
 His works of pow'r and grace,
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 Thro' ev'ry rising race.

3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

4. Thus they shall learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works
 But praise his wonders.

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PSALM LXXVIII. Second part.

Israel's rebellion and punishment, or, The sins and chastisements of God's people.

O What a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!

False to their own most solemn vows
And to their Maker's grace!

2. They broke the cov'nant of his love,

And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes!

3. They saw the plagues on Egypt light

From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4. They saw him cleave the mighty sea,

And march'd in safety thro',
With wat'ry walls to guard their way
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5. A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,

Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6. He from the rock their thirst supply'd;

The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7. Yet they provoked the Lord most high,
 And dar'd distrust his hand:
 "Can he with bread our host supply
 "Amidst this desert land?"

8. The Lord with indignation heard,
 And caus'd his wrath to flame;
 His terrors ever stand prepar'd
 To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third part.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance, or, Glorification and salvation.

WHEN Israel saw the Lord reproves
 And fills their hearts with dread,
 Yet he forgives the men he loves
 And sends them heavenly bread.

2. He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
 And made his treasures known;
 He gave the midnight clouds command
 To pour provision down.

3. The manna like a morning show'r
 Lay thick around their feet;
 The corn of heav'n so light so pure
 As tho' 't were angels' meat.

4. But they in murm'ring language said
 "Manna is all our feast,
 "We loathe this light this airy bread,
 "We must have flesh to taste."

5. "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And sent them quails like sand or dust
Heap'd up from side to side;

6. He gave them all their own desire,
And greedy as they fed
His vengeance burnt with secret fire
And smote the rebels dead.

7. When some were slain, the rest return'd
And fought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd;
But soon forgot their fears.

8. Oft' he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32. &c. Fourth part.

Backsliding and forgiveness, or, Sin punished, and saints saved.

GREAT God! how oft' did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2. How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r nor trust his grace.

3. The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro' unknown ways
Wore out their strength and spent their days.

4. Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again,
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

5. Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
As flatter'ing words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6. Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft' away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7. He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptation still prevail;
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

8. *The church's prayer under affliction, or, The vineyard of God wasted.*

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep.

2. Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

3. Great God! whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray;
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4. Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

5. Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in Heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

6. How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit?
But now dear Lord look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7. Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

8. Return almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

9. Lord! when this vine in Canaan grew
 Thou wert its strength and glory too!
 Attack'd in vain by all its foes
 Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

10. Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
 From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
 Himself a noble Vine, and we
 The lesser branches of the Tree.

11. 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand,
 Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
 Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd
 With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12. O! for his sake attend our cry,
 Shine on thy churches lest they die;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXI.

*The warnings of God to his people, or, Spiritual blessings
 and punishments.*

Sing to the Lord aloud,
 And make a joyful noise;
 God is our strength, our Saviour God;
 Let Israel hear his voice:

2. "From vile idolatry

"Preserve my worship clean;

"I am the Lord who see thee free

"From slavery and sin; of all thy foes

3. "Stretch thy desires abroad

"And I 'll supply them well;

"But if ye will refuse God,

"If Israel will rebel,

4. "I 'll leave them; Taint the Lord

"To their own lusts a prey;

"And let them run the dang'rous road;

"'Tis their own chosen way.

5. "Yet O! shall all my saints

"Would hearken to my voice;

"Soon I would ease their sore complaints

"And bid their hearts rejoice;

6. "While I destroy their foes;

"I 'd richly feed my flock,

"And they should taste the stream that flows

"From their eternal Rock."

24

God the supreme Governour, or, Magistrates warned.

AMONG th' assemblies of the great

A greater Ruler takes his seat;

The God of heav'n as Judge surveys

Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2. Why will ye then frame wicked laws?

Or why support th' unrighteous cause?

When will ye once defend the poor
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3. They know not Lord, nor will they know;

Dark are the ways in which they go;

Their name of earthly gods is vain,

For they shall fall and die like men.

4. Arise O Lord; and let thy Son

Possess his universal throne,

And rule the nations with his rod;

He is our Judge and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIX.

A complaint against persecutors.

AND will the God of grace

Perpetual silence keep?

The God of justice hold his peace,

And let his vengeance sleep?

2. Behold what cursed snare

The men of mischief spread;

The men that hate thy saints and thee

Lift up their threat'ning head.

† The last verse of this Psalm may not improperly be applied to Christ, for he is that God that must judge the earth, *Psalm* xvi, and xviii. and have the "nations for his inheritance," *Psal.* ii. 8.

3. Against thy hidden ones
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice with her watchful eye
 Pursues them to destroy.

4. The noble and the base
 Into thy pastures leap;
 The lion and the stupid ass
 Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5. "Come let us join," they cry,
 "To root them from the ground,
 "Till not the name of saints remain,
 "Nor mem'ry shall be found."

6. Awake almighty God
 And call thy wrath to mind,
 Give them like forests to the fire
 Or stubble to the wind.

7. Convince their madness Lord,
 And make them seek thy name;
 Or else their stubborn rage confound
 That they may die in shame.

8. Then shall the nations know
 That glorious dreadful word,
 Jehovah is thy name alone,
 And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

The pleasure of publick worship.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,

O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!

With long desire my spirit faints

To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode,

My panting heart cries out for God;

My God! my King! why should I be

So far from all my joys and thee?

3. The sparrow chuses where to rest,

And for her young provides her nest;

But will my God to sparrows grant

That pleasure which his children want?

4. Bless'd are the saints who sit on high

Around thy throne of majesty;

Thy brightest glories shine above,

And all their works praise and love.

5. Bless'd are the souls that find a place

Within the temple of thy grace;

There they behold thy gentler rays,

And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

6. Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set

To find the way to Zion's gate;

God is their strength; and thro' the road

They lean upon their helper God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there. 28

PSALM LXXXIV. Second part. Long Metre.

God and his church, or, Grace and glory.

GREAT God! attend while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. 4

2. Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door. 8

3. God is our sun, he makes our day,
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within. 12

4. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too!
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls. 16

5. O God our King, whose sov' reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee. 20

PSALM LXXXIV. VER. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10. paraphrased.

Common Metre.

Delight in ordinances of worship, or, God present in his churches.

My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face
Tho' in his earthly courts. 4

2. There the great Monarch of the Skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays. 8

3. With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love
And sheds abroad his grace. 12

4. There mighty God! thy words declare
The secrets of thy will,
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still. 16

PAUSE.

5. My heart and flesh cry out for thee
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God? 20

Bij

6. The sparrow builds herself a nest

And suffers no remove,

O make me like the sparrows blest

To dwell but where I love.

24

7. To sit one day beneath thine eye

And hear thy gracious voice

Exceeds a whole eternity

Employ'd in carnal joys.

28

8. Lord! at thy threshold I would wait

While Jesus is within,

Rather than fill a throne of state,

Or live in tents of sin.

32

9. Could I command the spacious land

And the more boundless sea,

For one best hour at thy right hand

I'd give them both away.

36

PSALM LXXXIV. as the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the house of God.

LORD of the worlds above,

How pleasant and how fair

The dwellings of thy love,

Thy earthly temples, are!

To thine abode

My heart aspires

With warm desires

To see my God!

8

2. The sparrow for her young
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wand'ring swallows long
 To find their wonted rest :
 My spirit faints
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints. 16

3. O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Sion's hill. 24

4. They go from strength to strength
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears :
 O glorious seat
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet ! 32

PAUSE.

5. To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside : 38

Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6. God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence,
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7. The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good withholds,
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts!
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM. LXXXV, VER. 1.—8. First part.

Waiting for an answer to prayer, or, Deliverance began
and completed.

LORD! thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2. Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee;
And thy salvation be complete.

3. Revive our dying graces Lord!
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4. We wait to hear what God will say,
He'll speak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more away,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 9, 10. Second part.

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2. Mercy and truth on earth are met
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete
Justice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.

3. Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4. His righteousness is gone before
 To give us free access to God:
 Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more;
 But mark his steps and keep the road †.

PSALM LXXXVI. VER. 8.—13.

A general song of praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath pow'r divine,
 Nor is their nature mighty Lord!
 Nor are their works like thine.

2. The nations thou hast made shall bring
 Their offerings round thy throne,
 For thou alone dost wondrous things,
 For thou art God alone.

3. Lord I would walk with holy feet,
 Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
 And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
 In God my Father's praise.

4. Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,
 How by thy grace my sinking soul
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

† If some readers should suppose the English verse here to mistake the Hebrew sense; yet perhaps these evangelical allusions to the words of the Jewish Psalmist may be as agreeable and useful to the Christian worshipper.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The church the birthplace of the saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church.

God in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.

2. His mercy visits every house
That pays their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3. What glories were describ'd of old,
What wonders are of Sion told,
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4. Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew,
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill whose living waters spring.

5. When God shall take up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born to nourish'd there.

† I have explained the second verse at large, and transposed the last: for singers and players on instruments I have introduced angels with men.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The covenant made with Christ, or, The true David.

FOR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord:
 Mercy and truth for ever stand
 Like heav'n establish'd by his hand. 14

2. Thus to his Son he sware and said
 "With thee my cov'nant first is made;
 "In thee shall dying sinners live,
 "Glory and grace are thine to give. 8

3. "Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
 "Thy children shall be ever blest;
 "Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
 "Shall stand eternal like my own. 12

14. "There's none of all my sons above
 "So much my image or my love;
 "Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are;
 "Then what can earth to thee compare? 16

15. "David my servant, whom I chose
 "To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 "And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 "Was but a shadow of my Son; 20

6. Now let the church rejoice and sing
 Jesus her Saviour and her King;
 Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
 And fairs declare his works below. 24

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Common Metre.

The faithfulness of God.

My never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2. The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure,
And if he speak a promise once
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3. How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

4. His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5. Lord God of hosts thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above,
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

I have here transcribed the verses a little to make the
metrical phrase.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.

The power and majesty of God, or, Reverential worship.

WITH rev'rence let the saints appear

And bow before the Lord,

His high commands with rev'rence hear

And tremble at his word.

2. How terrible thy glories be!

How bright thine armies shine!

Where is the power that vies with thee

Or truth compar'd to thine?

3. The northern pole and southern rest

On thy supporting hand;

Darkness and day from east to west

Move round at thy command.

4. Thy words the raging wind controls

And rule the boist'rous deep;

Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,

The rolling billows sleep.

5. Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,

And the dark world of hell;

How did thine arm in vengeance shine

When Egypt durst rebel!

6. Justice and judgment are thy throne,

Yet wondrous is thy grace,

While truth and mercy join'd in one

Invite us near thy face †.

24

† I have here transposed the verses a little to make the connexion plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX, Ver. 15, &c. Third part.

A blessed gospel.

Bless'd are the souls that hear and know

The gospel's joyful sound,

Peace shall attend the path they go

And light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up

Thro' their Redeemer's name,

His righteousness exalts their hope,

Nor Satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord our glory and defence

Strength and salvation gives;

Israel thy King for ever reigns,

Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX, Ver. 19, &c. Fourth part.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom, or, His divine and human nature.

Hear what the Lord in vision said,

And made his mercy known;

"Sinners, behold your help is laid

"On my almighty Son.

2. Behold the man my wisdom chose

Among your mortal race,

His head my holy oil o'erflows,

The spirit of my grace:

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F

3. High shall he reign on David's throne,
 My people's better king,
 My arm shall beat his rivals down
 And still new subjects bring. 12

4. My truth shall guard him in his way
 With mercy by his side,
 While in my name thro' earth and sea
 He shall in triumph ride. 16

5. Me for his Father and his God
 He shall for ever own,
 Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
 And I'll support my Son. 20

6. My first-born Son array'd in grace
 At my right hand shall sit,
 Beneath him angels know their place,
 And monarchs at his feet. 24

7. My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
 My promises are strong,
 Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
 His seed endure as long. 28

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 30, &c. Fifth part.

*The covenant of grace unchangeable, or, Afflictions without
 rejection.*

Yet (saith the Lord) if David's race,
 The children of my Son,
 Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 And tempt mine anger down, 4

2. Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart,
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart. 8

3. My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind,
And what eternal love hath spoke
Eternal truth shall bind. 12

4. Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race. 16

5. The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day. 20

6. Sure as the moon that rules the night
His kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more. 24

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Sixth part, Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A funeral Psalm.

REMEMBER Lord our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death? 4

Flj

2. Lord! while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
 "Must death for ever rage and reign?
 "Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"

3. Where is thy promise to the just?
 Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honour of thy word:
 Awake our souls and bless the Lord!

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47. &c. Last part.

As the 113th Psalm.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

THINK, mighty God! on feeble man,
 How few his hours, how short his span!
 Short from the cradle to the grave,
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly or power to save?

2. Lord! shall it be for ever said,
 "The race of man was only made
 "For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
 Are not thy servants day by day
 Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
 Lord! where's thy kindness to the just?

3. Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the Lord
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4. For ever blessed be the Lord
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain:
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal and God eternal.

A mournful song at a funeral.

THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2. Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man,
And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity;
Thy dreadful sentence Lord was just,
"Return ye sinners to your dust."

Fijj

[4. A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night. 16

5. Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour. 20

[6. Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term, how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive
We rather sigh and groan than live. 24

7. But O! how oft thy wrath appears
And cuts off our expected years.
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread,
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead. 28

8. Teach us O Lord! how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee. 32

PSALM XC. VER. I.—3. First part. Com. Metre.

Man frail and God eternal.

OUR God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home. 4

2. Under the shadow of thy throne

Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood

Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust,

"Return ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first
And turn to earth again.

5. A thousand ages in thy sight

Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

[6. The busy tribes of flesh and blood

With all their lives and cares
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood
And lost in following years.

7. Time like an everrolling stream

Bears all its sons away,
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

8. Like flow'ry fields the nations stand

Pleas'd with the morning light,
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 't is night.]

9. Our God our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home. 36

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. Second part.
 Common Metre.

*Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin, or, Life, old age,
 and preparation for death.*

LORD ! if thine eyes survey our faults
 And justice grows severe;
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts
 And burns beyond our fear. 4

2. Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
 By one offence to thee
 Adam with all his sons have lost
 Their immortality. 8

3. Life like a vain amusement flies,
 A fable or a song,
 By swift degrees our nature dies,
 Nor can our joys be long. 12

4. 'Tis but a few whose days amount
 To threescore years and ten,
 And all beyond that short account
 Is sorrow, toil, and pain. 16

[5. Our vitals with laborious strife
 Bear up the crazy load,
 And drag those poor remains of life
 Along the tiresome road.] 20

6. Almighty God! reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone,
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne. 24

7. Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave. 28

PSALM XC. ver. 13, &c. Third part. Com. Metre.

Breathing after heaven.

RETURN, O God of love, return:
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we thy children mourn
Our absence from thy face? 4

2. Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase. 8

3. Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete,
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great. 12

4. Then shall we shine before thy throne
In all thy beauty Lord,
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward. 16

PSALM XC. VER. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The frailty and shortness of life.

LORD! what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life how poor a trifle 't is
That scarce deserves the name!

2. Alas! the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4. Well if our days must fly
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way
And let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

PSALM XCI. ver. 1,—7. First part.

Safety in publick diseases and dangers.

HE that hath made his refuge God
 Shall find a most secure abode,
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head. 4

2. Then will I say, "My God thy pow'r
 Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:

"I that am form'd of feeble dust

"Make thine almighty arm my trust." 8

3. Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,

Satan the fowler who betrays

Unguarded souls a thousand ways. 12

4. Just as a hen protects her brood

From birds of prey that seek their blood

Under her feathers, so the Lord

Makes his own arm his people's guard. 16

5. If burning beams of noon conspire

To dart a pestilential fire,

God is their life, his wings are spread

To shield them with an healthful shade. 20

6. If vapours with malignant breath

Rise thick and scatter midnight death

Israel is safe; the poison'd air

Grows pure if Israel's God be there. 24

PAUSE.

7. What tho' a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead amidst the graves. 28

8. So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by. 32

9. But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest. 36

10. The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire,
From sins and sorrows let them free,
And bring thy children Lord to thee †. 40

PSALM XCI. ver. 9, — 16. Second part.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory, and deliverance.

YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care. 4

† See the Notes on the xlii Psalm.

2. No ill shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3. He 'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways,
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4. Their hands shall bear you lest you fall;
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?

5. Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.

6. "Because of me they set their love
"I'll save them; (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.

7. "My grace shall answer when they call,
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall;
"And raise them when they die.

8. "Those that on earth my name have known
"I'll honour them in heav'n;
"There my salvation shall be shown
"And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM XCIII. First part.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below,
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy *. 28

PSALM XCII. ver. 12, 13. Second part.

The church is the garden of God.

LORD, 't is a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thine hand;
 Let me within thy courts be seen
 Like a young cedar fresh and green. 4

2. There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Bless'd with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees
 Yields such a comely sight as these. 8

3. The plants of grace shall ever live;
 (Nature decays but grace must thrive)
 Time that doth all things else impair
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair. 12

4. Laden with fruits of age, they shew
 The Lord is holy, just, and true;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind. 16

* Stanza vi. Rejoicing in the destruction of our personal enemies is not so evangelical a practice, therefore I have given the 11th verse of this Psalm another turn. See the Notes on the third Psalm.

PSALM XCIII. First Metre, as the 100th Psalm.

The eternal and sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns, he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world created by his hands
Still on its first foundation stands.

2. But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the everliving God.

3. Like floods the angry nations rise
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4. For ever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands for ever sure,
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre, as the old 50th Psalm.

THE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty:
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word and 'stablish'd by his hand;
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2. God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
 In vain the storms, in vain the floods, arise
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
 Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
 But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean. 12

3. Ye tempests rage no more, ye floods be still,
 And the mad world submissive to his will;
 Built on his truth his church must ever stand,
 Firm are his promises and strong his hand:
 See his own sons when they appear before him
 Bow at his footstool and with fear adore him. 18

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre, as the old 122d Psalm.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sov'reign might,
 And rays of majesty around. 6

2. Upheld by thy commands
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word;
 Thy throne was fix'd on high
 Before the starry sky;
 Eternal is thy kingdom Lord! 12

Giiij.

3. In vain the noisy crowd,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain with angry spite
 The furlly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore. 18

4. Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their pow'rs engage,
 Let swelling tides assault the sky,
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high. 24

5. Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new,
 There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear
 And sing thine everlasting love †. 30

PSALM XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7, — 14. First part.

Saints chastised and sinners destroyed, or, Instructive afflictions.

O God to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud,
 Let sov'reign Pow'r redress our wrongs,
 Let Justice smite the proud. 4

† Here let the fourth stanza be repeated to fulfil the tune.

2. They say "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
 When will the fools be wise?
 Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
 Or blind who made their eyes? 3

3. He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his pow'r,
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour. 12

4. But if thy saints deserve rebuke
 Thou hast a gentler rod,
 Thy providences and thy book
 Shall make them know their God. 16

5. Blest is the man thy hands chastise
 And to his duty draw,
 Thy scourges make thy children wise
 When they forget thy law. 20

6. But God will ne'er cast off his saints
 Nor his own promise break;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake. 24

PSALM XCIV. ver. 16,—23. Second part.

God our support and comfort, or, Deliverance from temptation and persecution.

Who will arise and plead my right
 Against my num'rous foes,
 While earth and hell their force unite
 And all my hopes oppose? 4

2. Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead. 13

3. Alas! my sliding feet, I cry'd,
Thy promise was my prop,
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up. 14

4. While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul. 16

5. Pow'rs of iniquity may rise
And frame pernicious laws,
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause. 20

6. Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff,
The Lord our God shall judge the proud
And cut the sinners off. 24

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme
Exalted be our voice. 4

2. With thanks approach his awful sight
And psalms of honour sing,
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3. Let princes hear let angels know!
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high and gods below
When once compar'd with him.

4. Earth with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand,
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5. Come and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face,
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6. Now is the time; he bends his ear
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

* Stanza iii. Angels and magistrates are those
Elohim or gods, above which the true God is so often exalted
in this book of Psalms.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Psalm before sermon.

COME sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing,
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King. 4

2. He form'd the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound,
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground. 8

3. Come worship at his throne,
 Come bow before the Lord,
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word. 12

4. To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod,
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God. 16

5. But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race, 20

6. The Lord in vengeance drest
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 "You that despise my promis'd rest
 "Shall have no portion there." 24

PSALM XCV. VER. 1, 2, 3, 6,—II. Long Metre.

Canaan lost thro' unbelief, or, A warning to delaying sinners.

COME let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sov'reign King; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2. Come let our souls address the Lord
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3. Come let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey,
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4. Israel that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt'd their Maker to his face,
A faithless unbelieving brood
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5. Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
"Forget my pow'r, abuse my love;
"Since they despise my rest I swear
"Their feet shall never enter there."

6. Look back my soul with holy dread
And view those ancient rebels dead?
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7. Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Sion's heav'nly gates;
Believe and take the promis'd rest,
Obey and be for ever blest †.] 28

PSALM XCVI. ver. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second coming.

SING to the Lord ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue,
His new discover'd grace demands,
A new and nobler song. 4

2. Say to the nations Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son,
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne. 8

3. Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy thro' the earth be seen,
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green. 12

4. Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea,
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way. 16

† In the iiii and ivth chapter to the Hebrews several verses of this Psalm are cited, and given for a caution to Christians: I have applied them the same way in the two last stanzas.

5. Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God,
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad. 20

6. But when his voice shall raise the dead
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear? 24

PSALM XCVI. as the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim. 6

† In this and the two following Psalms the first coming of Christ into the world is represented in a prophetick style as though he were coming the second time to the last judgment; but that Christ's Incarnation, his setting up his gospel kingdom to judge or rule the Gentiles, and the judgment and destruction of the Heathen idols, is the true design of these three Psalms, is evident from several expressions in them, and particularly because the earth, the fields, the sea, &c. are called to rejoice; whereas the final judgment of the world is represented dreadful to all nature, and to the nations of the earth. See Rev. xvii. and xx. 11. and 2 Per. iii. 7, 10.; yet since this last coming hath something in it parallel to his first, I have in the different parts of the Psalms referred to both. — Stanza iv.

2. The Heathens know thy glory Lord!
 The wond'ring nations read thy word.
 In Britain is Jehovah known;
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made;
 Our Maker is our God alone. 14

3. He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there;
 His beams are majesty and light,
 His beauties how divinely bright!
 His temple how divinely fair! 18

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
 And barb'rous nations fear his name!
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim. 24

PSALM XCVII. VER. I,—5. First part.

Christ reigning in heaven and coming to judgment.

He reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns!
 Praise him in evangelick strains;
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice. 4

Mountains sinking and vallies rising, that is, pride humbled,
 and the humble raised, are preparations of Christ's kingdom.
 Luke iii. 4, 5.

2. Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround
Justice is their eternal ground. 8

3. In robes of judgment lo he comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs!
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire. 12

4. His enemies with sore dismay
Fly from the fight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's night. 16

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6,—9. Second part.

Christ's incarnation.

THE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth, the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God. 4

2. All ye bright armies of the skies
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below. 8

† Though the kingdom of Christ in the two first stanzas be matter of joy to all nations, yet his coming to judgment in the two last is joy only to the saints. As this Psalm introduces Zion and Judah rejoicing, ver. 8. so Christ bids his apostles lift up their heads, &c. Luke xxi. 28.

H ij



3. Let idols totter to the ground
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, but Sion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King†. 12

PSALM XCVII. Third part.

Grace and glory.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth o'er all the sky,
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet
His dwelling is the mercy-seat. 4

2. O ye that love his holy name
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends. 8

3. Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes. 12

4. Rejoice ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness. 16

† This Psalm foretels the incarnation of Christ; for the words of the 7th verse, *worship him all ye gods*, are translated, *Heb. i. 6. Let all the angels of God worship him.* By this divine hint I was directed to compose this hymn, and to introduce the star that shone at his birth as a part of the proclamation of him in the heavens, ver. 6. See more, Notes on Psal. xcv. common metre.

PSALM XCVII. VER. 1, 3, 5,—7, 11. Com. Metre.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

Ye islands of the northern sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
His word like fire prepares his way
And mountains melt to plains. 4

2. His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise,
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies. 8

3. The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim,
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame
And totter to the ground. 12

4. Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne. 16

5. His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire,
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire. 20

6. The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear †. 24

† See the Notes on Psalm xcvi.

H iij

PSALM XCVIII. First part.

Praise for the gospel.

To our almighty Maker God
 New honours be address'd,
 His great salvation shines abroad
 And makes the nations bless'd. 4

2. He spake the word to Abra'm first,
 His truth fulfils the grace,
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness. 8

3. Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her diff'rent tongues,
 And spread the honours of his name
 In melody and songs †. 12

PSALM XCVIII. Second part.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come,
 Let earth receive her King,
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room
 And heav'n and nature sing. 4

† In these two hymns which I have formed out of the xcviith Psalm I have fully exprest what I esteem to be the first and chief sense of the Holy Scriptures both in this and the xcviith Psalm, whose conclusions are both alike.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy. 8

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground,
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found. 12

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness
 And wonders of his love. 16

PSALM XCIX. First part.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

THE God Jehovah reigns,
 Let all the nations fear,
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there. 4

2. Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 Let earth adore its Lord,
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfil his word. 8

3. In Sion is his throne,
 His honours are divine,
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine. 12

4. How holy is his name!
 How terrible his praise!
 Justice, and truth, and judgment, join
 In all his works of grace †. 16

PSALM XCIX. Second part.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

EXALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat. 4

2. When Israel was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
 He gave his people rest. 8

3. Oft' he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race,
 And oft' he made his vengeance known
 When they abus'd his grace. 12

4. Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still the same;
 Still he 's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name. 16

† As the three foregoing Psalms refer to the incarnation of Christ, and the setting up his kingdom among the Gentiles, because the nations are required to rejoice in all of them, so this Psalm seems chiefly to pay honour and reverence to God, as the God of the Jews, God dwelling in the ark between the cherubim, for "the people or Gentiles are bid to tremble;" yet I have ventured to translate the scene a little down to Christian times and churches, and I hope without offence,

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain translation.

Praise to our Creator.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice
 Before the Lord your sov'reign King;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God, 't is he alone
 Doth life and breath and being give;
 We are his work and not our own,
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair,
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A paraphrase.

SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
 Let ev'ry land his name adore;
 The British isles shall send the noise
 Across the ocean to the shore.

2. Nations attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create and he destroy.

3. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid
 Made us of clay and form'd us men,
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd
 He brought us to his fold again. 12

4. We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker! to thy name? 16

5. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise,
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise. 20

6. Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love,
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move. 24

PSALM C. Long Metre.

The magistrates' Psalm.

MERCY and judgment are my song;
 And since they both to thee belong,
 My gracious God, my righteous King,
 To thee my songs and vows I bring. 4

2. If I am rais'd to bear the sword
 I'll take my counsels from thy word;
 Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
 Shall be the pattern of my ways. 8

3. Let wisdom all my actions guide,
 And let my God with me reside;
 No wicked thing shall dwell with me
 Which may provoke thy jealousy. 12

4. No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
 Shall be companions of my life;
 The haughty look, the heart of pride,
 Within my doors shall ne'er abide. 16

[5. I'll search the land, and raise the just
 To posts of honour, wealth, and trust;
 The men that work thy holy will
 Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.] 20

6. In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flatt'ring or malicious lies,
 And while the innocent I guard
 The bold offender sha' n't be spar'd. 24

7. The impious crew (that factious band)
 Shall hide their heads or quit the land,
 And all that break the publick rest
 Where I have pow'r shall be suppress'd. 28

† The first stanza represents the mercy and judgment which the Psalmist sings as the due qualities of good government, which is the proper sense of them in this Psalm; and according to the double character of David in this Psalm I have applied the first metre to magistrates, the second to householders.— The fifth stanza can be sung only by the superiour rank of magistrates, and not the inferiour.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a master of a family.

Or justice and of grace I sing,
 And pay my God my vows;
 Thy grace and justice heav'nly King
 Teach me to rule my house.

2. Now to my tent, O God! repair,
 And make thy servant wise,
 I'll suffer nothing near me there
 That shall offend thine eyes.

3. The man that doth his neighbour wrong
 By falsehood or by force,
 The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
 I'll thrust them from my doors.

4. I'll seek the faithful and the just,
 And will their help enjoy;
 These are the friends that I shall trust,
 The servants I'll employ.

5. The wretch that deals in fly-deceit
 I'll not endure a night;
 The liar's tongue I ever hate
 And banish from my sight.

6. I'll purge my family around
 And make the wicked flee,
 So shall my house be ever found
 A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. VER. 1, — 13, 20, 21. First part.

A prayer of the afflicted.

HEAR me O God! nor hide thy face,
 But answer lest I die;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace
 To hear when sinners cry?
 2. My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air,
 My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
 And sinking in despair;
 3. My spirits flag like withering grass
 Burnt with excessive heat,
 In secret groans my minutes pass
 And I forget to eat;
 4. As on some lonely building's top
 The sparrow tells her moan,
 Far from the tents of joy and hope
 I sit and grieve alone;
 5. My soul is like a wilderness
 Where beasts of midnight howl,
 There the sad raven finds her place,
 And there the screaming owl;
 6. Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
 Dwell in my troubled breast,
 While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
 Nor give my spirit rest.

7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast,

My daily bread like ashes grows

Unpleasant to my taste;

8. Sense can afford no real joy

To souls that feel thy frown;

Lord! 't was thy hand advanc'd me high,

Thy hand hath cast me down.

9. My looks like wither'd leaves appear,

And life's declining light

Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are

That vanish into night;

10. But thou for ever art the same,

O my eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name

And spread thy works abroad.

11. Thou wilt arise and show thy face,

Nor will my Lord delay

Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,

That long expected day;

12. He hears his saints, he knows their cry,

And by mysterious ways

Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,

And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM CII. VER. 13,—21. Second part.

Prayer heard, and Sion restored.

LET Sion and her sons rejoice,

Behold the promis'd hour!

Her God hath heard her mourning voice

And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2. Her dust and ruins that remain

Are precious in our eyes;

Those ruins shall be built again

And all that dust shall rise.

3. The Lord will raise Jerusalem,

And stand in glory there;

Nations shall bow before his name,

And kings attend with fear.

4. He sits a Sov'reign on his throne

With pity in his eyes;

He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,

And sees their sighs arise.

5. He frees the souls condemn'd to death,

And when his saints complain,

It sha' n't be said "That praying breath

"Was ever spent in vain."

6. This shall be known when we are dead,

And left on long record,

That ages yet unborn may read,

And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM CII. ver. 23,—28. Third part.

*Man's mortality and Christ's eternity, or, Saints die, but
Christ and the church live.*

It is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us and cut short our days. 4
2. Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon? 8
3. Yet in the midst of death and grief
This thought our sorrow should assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live."
"Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age." 12
4. 'Twas he this earth's foundations laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command. 16
5. The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside,
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church for ever must abide. 20

6. Before thy face thy church shall live;
 And on thy throne thy children reign;
 This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be rais'd again †. 24

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. First part. Long Metre.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

BLESS O my soul the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the pow'rs within me join
 In work and worship so divine. 4

2. Bless O my soul the God of grace,
 His favours claim thy highest praise:
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot? 8

3. 'Tis he my soul that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done:
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives. 12

4. The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels,
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threat'ning graves. 16

† Several verses at the end of this Psalm are directly expounded concerning Christ, Heb. i. which inclined me to form a distinct hymn on those verses applied to the same subject.

5. Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years,
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food. 20

6. He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'ers rest,
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day. 24

[7. His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands,
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son. 28

8. Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.] 32

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part.

Long Metre.

God's gentle chastisement, or, His tender mercy to his people.

THE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known. 4

2. Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise. 8

3. Not half so high hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves. 12

4. How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies,
And if he lets his anger burn
How soon his frowns to pity turn! 16

5. Amidst his wrath compassion shines,
His strokes are lighter than our sins,
And while his rod corrects his saints
His ear indulges their complaints. 20

6. So fathers their young sons chastise
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart. 24

PAUSE.

7. The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows. 28

8. He knows how soon our nature dies
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon. 32

9. But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain. 36

PSALM CIII. VER. 1.—71. First part. Short Metre:

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

O Bless the Lord, my soul!

Let all within me join

And aid my tongue to bless his name

Whose favours are divine.

2. O bless the Lord, my soul!

Nor let his mercies lie

Forgotten in unthankfulness,

And without praises die.

3. 'Tis he forgives thy sins,

'Tis he relieves thy pain,

'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses

And makes thee young again.

4. He crowns thy life with love

When ransom'd from the grave:

He that redeem'd my soul from hell

Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5. He fills the poor with good,

He gives the suff'ers rest:

The Lord hath judgments for the proud

And justice for th' oppress'd.

6. His wondrous works and ways

He made by Moses known,

But sent the world his truth and grace

By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part. Short Metre.

Abounding compassion of God, or, Mercy in the midst of judgment.

My soul! repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide,
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4. His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

5. The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6. He knows we are but dust
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath,
His anger like a rising wind
Can send us swift to death.

7. Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8. But thy compassions Lord
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. ver. 19. — 22. Third part. Short Metre.

God's universal dominion, or, Angels praise the Lord.

THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2. Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3. Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches, when they pray
Join in the praise they sing.

4. While all his wondrous works
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou my soul
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

My soul! thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.
2. The heav'n's are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
3. Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires,
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.
4. The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain
Lest it should drown the earth again.
5. When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd; and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old cxliith
or cxxvliith Psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza,
namely,

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame

An equal honour to his name!

Otherwise it must be sung as the cxliith Psalm.

6. The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round,
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins
They spring on hills and drench the plains. 24

7. He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray. 28

8. From pleasant trees which shade the brink
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise. 32

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9. God from his cloudy eastern pours
On the parch'd earth enlivening show'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield. 36

10. He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies,
With herbs for man of various power
To nourish nature or to cure. 40

11. What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine. 44

12. O bless his name, ye Britons! fed
With nature's chief supporter bread:
While bread your vital strength imparts
Serve him with vigour in your hearts. 48

PAUSE THE SECOND

13. Behold the stately cedar stands
Rais'd in the forest by his hands,
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high. 52

14. To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell. 56

15. He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face,
And when thick darkness veils the day
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey. 60

16. Fierce lions lead their young abroad;
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise
The savage beast to covert flies. 64

17. Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief. 68

18. How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee. 72

19. Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions swift or slow
Still wand'ring in the paths below. 76

20. There ships divide their wat'ry way,
 And flocks of scaly monsters play,
 There dwells the huge leviathan,
 And foams and sports in spite of man. 85

PAUSE THE THIRD.

21. Vast are thy works, almighty Lord!
 All nature rests upon thy word,
 And the whole race of creatures stands
 Waiting their portion from thy hands. 84

22. While each receives his diff'rent food
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
 Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
 Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms. 88

23. But when thy face is hid they mourn,
 And dying to their dust return;
 Both man and beast their souls resign;
 Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine. 92

24. Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
 And fill the world with beasts and men:
 A word of thy creating breath
 Repairs the wastes of time and death. 96

25. His works, the wonders of his might,
 Are honour'd with his own delight:
 How awful are his glorious ways!
 The Lord is dreadful in his praise. 100

26. The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke,
 Yet humble souls may see thy face,
 And tell their wants to sov'reign grace. 104

27. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
 And make my meditations sweet;
 Thy praises shall my breath employ
 Till it expire in endless joy. 108

28. While haughty sinners die accurst,
 Their glory bury'd with their dust,
 I to my God, my heav'nly King,
 Immortal hallelujahs sing †. 112

PSALM CV. Abridged.

God's conduct of Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

Give thanks to God, invoke his name,
 And tell the world his grace,
 Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame
 That all may seek his face. 4

2. His cov'nant which he kept in mind
 For num'rous ages past
 To num'rous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last. 8

† Several lines in this Psalm I have borrowed of Sir John Denham. If I have made the connexion more evident, and the sense more easy and useful to an ordinary reader, I have attained my end, and leave others to judge whether I have dishonoured his verse or improved it.—Stanza v. Though I am persuaded the Psalmist speaks here of the first formation of the sea and mountains, when the waters of the chaos were separated from the earth, yet the people more easily understand it of Noah's flood, and therefore I have indulged such a paraphrase as is capable of both senses.

K ij

3. He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure,
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure. 14

4. "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
(Said the almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,"
"The type of heav'nly joys." 16

[5. How large the grant! how rich the grace!
'To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band! 20

6. Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
Securely they remov'd,
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd. 24

7. "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
Shall soon revenge the wrong;
"The man that does my prophets harm
Shall know their God is strong." 28

8. Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live thro' ev'ry age
And be th' Almighty's care.] 32

PAUSE THE FIRST.

9. When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod. 36

10. He call'd for darkness; darkness came
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11. He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro' the whole country spread,
And frogs in croaking armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

12. Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew,
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle flew.

13. Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd,
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14. Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

15. Thus were the tribes from bondage brought
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian's spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16. The Lord himself chose out their way
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17. They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And following still the course they took
Ran all the desert thro'. 68

18. O wondrous stream ! O blessed type
Of everflowing grace !
So Christ our Rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness. 72

19. Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest. 76

20. Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear,
Israel must live thro' ev'ry age
And be th' Almighty's care. 80

PSALM CVI. ver. 1,—5. First part.

Praise to God, or, Communion with saints.

To God the great, the ever blest'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd,
His mercy firm for ever stands,
Give him the thanks his love demands. 4

2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still
And pay their duty to thy will. 8

3. Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed,
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace. 12

4. O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord! to be
Join'd to thy saints and near to thee. 16

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12,—14, 43,—48.

Sec ond part.

Israel punished and pardoned, or, God's unchangeable love.

God of eternal love
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft' did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace! 4

2. They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung,
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot
And murmur'd with their tongue. 8

3. Now they believe his word
While rocks with rivers flow,
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord
And he reduc'd them low. 12

4. Yet when they mourn'd their faults
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts
And call'd them still his sons. 16

5. Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft' he chastis'd but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose. 20

6. Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race,
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen to all the praise †. 24

PSALM CVII. First part.

Israel led to Canaan and Christians to heaven.

GIVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own. 4

2. Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record,
Israel the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes. 8

[3. When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground. 12

† The chief design of this whole Psalm I have expressed in the title, and abridged it in this form, having enlarged much more on this same subject in the lxxvliith, lxxvliith, and cvth Psalms.—Though the Jews now seem to be cast off, yet the apostle Paul assures us that God hath not cast away his people whom he foreknew, Rom. xi. 2. Their unbelief and absence from God is but for a season, for they shall be recalled again, ver. 25, 26.

4. There they could find no leading road
Nor city for a fix'd abode,
Nor food nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.] 16

5. In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their saviour and their guide,
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground: 20

6. Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place! 24

7. He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land. 28

8. O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise. 32

PSALM CVII. Second part.

Correction for sin and release by prayer.

From age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same,
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good. 4

2. But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,

3. He 'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.

4. Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.

5. He cuts the bars of brass in two
And lets the smiling pris'ners thro',
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6. O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. Third part.

*Intemperance punished and pardoned, or, A Psalm for the
glutton and the drunkard.*

VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!

2. The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste,
Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3. The glutton groans and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4. Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5. No med'cines could affect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals;
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6. O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck, or, The seaman's song.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2. They leave their native shores behind,
 And seize the favour of the wind,
 Till God command and tempests rise,
 That heave the ocean to the skies.
3. Now to the heav'ns they mount again,
 Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
 What strange affrights young sailors feel,
 And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!
4. When land is far and death is nigh,
 Lost to all hope to God they cry,
 His mercy hears the loud address,
 And sends salvation in distress.
5. He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
 The furious waves forget their rage;
 'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
 The haven where they wish'd to be.
6. O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 Let them their private off'rings bring,
 And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Common Metre.

The mariner's Psalm.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord!
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record
 Who trade in floating ships.

2. At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves,
The men astonish'd mount the skies
And sink in gaping graves. 8

[3. Again they climb the wat'ry hills
And plunge in deeps again,
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels
And finds his courage vain. 12

4. Frighted to hear the tempest roar
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore
Expect immediate death.] 16

5. Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest. 20

6. Sailors rejoice to lose their fears
And see the storm allay'd,
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid. 24

7. 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command
And all the winds that blow. 28

8. O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wondrous ways
Thy wondrous love record. 32

PSALM CVII. Last part.

Colonies planted, or, Nations blessed and punished.

A Psalm for New England.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
 Scourges the madness of the times,
 He turns their fields to barren sand,
 And dries the rivers from the land.

2. His word can raise the springs again
 And make the wither'd mountains green,
 Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
 And harvests in the desert rise.

[3. Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
 Or men as fierce and wild as they,
 He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
 And builds them towns and cities there.]

4. They sow the fields, and trees they plant;
 Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
 Their race grows up from fruitful flocks,
 Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5. Thus they are blest'd; but if they sin
 He lets the Heathen nations in;
 A savage crew invades their lands,
 Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6. Their captive sons expos'd to scorn
 Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
 The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
 And desolation spreads the field.

7. Yet if the humbled nation mourns
Again his dreadful hand he turns,
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.] 28

8. The righteous with a joyful sense
Admire the works of Providence,
And tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore. 32

9. How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind †. 36

PSALM CIX. VER. 1, — 5, 31.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

God of my mercy and my praise

Thy glory is my song,

Tho' sinners speak against thy grace

With a blaspheming tongue. 4

2. When in the form of mortal man

Thy Son on earth was found,

With cruel slanders false and vain

They compass'd him around. 8

† If this hymn be too long to sing at once, the two first and two last stanzas of it may be sung together, and the five middle stanzas by themselves, as another hymn, for I could not find any other convenient division of it. — The cviiith Psalm is formed out of the lviith and lxth, therefore I have omitted it.

3. Their mis'ries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still purfu'd,
 They render hatred for his love
 And evil for his good. 12

4. Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death. 16

5. Lord! shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes?
 Give me a soul a-kin to thine
 To love my enemies. 20

6. The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage
 Who slander and condemn †. 24

PSALM CX. First part. Long Metre.

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted, or, The success of the gospel.

THUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
 "At my right hand till I shall make
 "Thy foes submissive at thy feet. 4

† That this Psalm, foretels the sufferings, the patience, and love, of Christ to enemies, is universally agreed; but the curses on Judas and the priests, &c. I have chosen to leave where they stand in the sacred language of prophecy.

2. "From Sion shall thy word proceed,
 "Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 "And bow their wills to thy command. 8

3. "That day shall show thy pow'r is great
 "When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 "And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 "Where holiness in beauty shines." 12

4. O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
 And converts who thy grace obey
 Exceed the drops of morning dew †. 16

PSALM CX. Second part. Long Metre.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

Thus the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore,
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "And change from hand to hand no more. 4

2. "Aaron and all his sons must die,
 "But everlasting life is thine,
 "To save for ever those that fly
 "For refuge from the wrath divine. 8

† Stanza iii, iv. It is generally supposed the 3d verse of this Psalm describes the numerous conversions that followed the ascension of Christ. The beauty of holiness is but a periphrasis for the temple. That the whole Psalm is a prophecy of Christ in his kingdom and priesthood is abundantly evident from *Matt. xxii. 44. Heb. vii. 17.*

3. "By me Melchisedeck was made
 "On earth a king and priest at once;
 "And thou my heav'nly Priest shalt plead,
 "And thou my King shalt rule my sons." 12
4. Jesus the Priest ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace
 Between the Father and the Son
 Proceed with honour and success. 16
5. Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel,
 Then shall he judge the rising dead
 And send the guilty world to hell. 20
6. Tho' while he treads his glorious way
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
 The suff'rings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God †. 24

† The Priesthood of Christ, after the order of Melchisedeck, is particularly explained *Heb. vii. ver. 1, 3, 23,—25.* and is inserted in the three first stanzas.—Stanza iv. *Zeck. vi. 13.* *He shall be a Priest upon his throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both.*—The last verse of this Psalm is explained by interpreters in very contrary senses: some make his drinking of the brook to signify mean refreshments in his way, and some expound it of his tasting sorrows and sufferings; the last is most evangelical and most beautiful, therefore I have chosen it.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

JESUS our Lord! ascend thy throne,
 And near the Father sit;
 In Sion shall thy pow'r be known,
 And make thy foes submit. 4

2. What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sov'reign grace. 8

3. God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be
 "When Aaron is no more. 12

4. "Melchisedeck that wondrous priest,
 "That king of high degree,
 "That holy man who Abra'm blest,
 "Was but a type of thee." 16

5. Jesus our Priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above,
 Jesus our King for ever gives
 The blessings of his love. 20

6. God shall exalt his glorious head
 And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign. 24

PSALM CXI. First part.

The wisdom of God in his works.

Songs of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God;
 He has my heart and he my tongue
 To spread his name abroad. 4

2. How great the works his hand has wrought!
 How glorious is our sight!
 And men in ev'ry age have sought
 His wonders with delight. 8

3. How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise th' Eternal Mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd. 12

4. When he redeem'd his chosen sons
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure;
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure. 16

5. Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
 What shall we do to make us wise
 But learn to read thy name? 20

6. To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill,
 And he's the wisest of our race
 That best obeys thy will. 24

† Of this Psalm I have chosen several verses, and formed into two distinct hymns, keeping the first and the two last verses in both.

PSALM CXI. Second part.

The perfections of God.

GREAT is the Lord! his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2. Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food,
And ever mindful of his word
He makes his promise good.

3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

4. They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin:
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. as the 113th Psalm.

The blessings of the liberal man.

THAT man is blest'd who stands in awe
Of God and loves his sacred law,
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
His house the seat of wealth shall be
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2. His lib'ral favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends,
 A gen'rous pity fills his mind;
 Yet what his charity impairs
 He saves by prudence in affairs,
 And thus he's just to all mankind. 12

3. His hands while they his alms bestow'd
 His glory's future harvest sow'd;
 The sweet remembrance of the just
 Like a green root revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs
 When dying nature sleeps in dust. 18

4. Beset with threat'ning dangers round
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground,
 His conscience holds his courage up;
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And sees in darkness beams of hope. 24

PAUSE.

[5. Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart that fix'd on God relies,
 Tho' waves and tempests roar around;
 Safe on the Rock he sits and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drown'd. 30

6. The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony

To find their expectations crost;
 They and their envy, pride, and spite,
 Sink down to everlasting night,
 And all their names in darkness lost †.]

36

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word,
 Honour and peace his days attend,
 And blessings to his seed descend.

2. Compassion dwells upon his mind,
 To works of mercy still inclin'd
 He lends the poor some present aid,
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3. When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
 That fill his neighbours round with dread,
 His heart is arm'd against the fear,
 For God with all his pow'r is there.

4. His soul well fix'd upon the Lord
 Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise
 To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5. He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
 His works are still before his God,
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners fret in vain.

† Many lines of this metre, and some of the next Psalm, proper metre, are borrowed from Mr. Tate's version.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord
 And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2. As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need,
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed.

3. No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well establish'd mind,
 His soul to God his refuge flies
 And leaves his fears behind.

4. In times of general distress
 Some beams of light shall shine
 To shew the world his righteousness
 And give him peace divine.

5. His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord;
 Honour on earth and joys above
 Shall be his sure reward *.

* Many of the blessings of wealth, and grandeur, and temporal good things, that were the portion of a good man and his children under The Old Testament, I have here abridged agreeable to The New, which foretels rather temporal afflictions, and promises everlasting rewards.

PSALM CXIII. Propertune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

YE that delight to serve the Lord
 The honours of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever blest
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2. Not time nor nature's narrow rounds
 Can give his vast dominion bounds;
 The heav'ns are far below his height:
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3. He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things;
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.

4. When childless families despair
 He sends the blessing of an heir
 To rescue their expiring name;
 The mother with a thankful voice
 Proclaims his praises and her joys;
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

Ye servants of th' almighty King
 In ev'ry age his praises sing;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set
 The nations shall his praise repeat. 4

2. Above the earth beyond the sky
 Stands his high throne of majesty,
 Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign. 8

3. Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels, with their God compare?
 His glories how divinely bright
 Who dwells in uncreated light! 12

4. Behold his love! he stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do,
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean affairs of men below. 16

5. From dust and cottages obscure
 His grace exalts the humble poor,
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones. 20

[6. A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice:
 Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past
 The promis'd seed is born at last. 24

7. With joy the mother views her son
 And tells the wonders God has done:
 Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;
 If nature fails the promise bears †.] 28

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

WHEN Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne. 4

2. Across the deep their journey lay,
 The deep divides to make them way;
 Jordan beheld their march and fled
 With backward current to his head. 8

3. The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand. 12

4. What pow'r could make the deep divide,
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels? 16

† Part of the vith and viith stanzas are borrowed from Gen. xvii. 17. and Rom. iv. 19, 20. Shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear? Abraham was strong in faith, &c.

5. Let ev'ry mountain ev'ry flood
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel; see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear. 20

6. He thunders and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pool he turns,
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord †. 24

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge, or, Idolatry reprov'd.

NOT to ourselves who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God! thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true. 4

2. Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a Heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame
Say, "Where's the God you 'ave serv'd so long?" 8

† This Psalm appears to me an admirable ode; but if I had introduced the presence of God into the camp of Israel removing from Egypt, as all my predecessors have done, I had lost the divine beauty of the Psalm; for had God appeared at first, there could be no wonder why the mountains should leap and the sea retire; therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise the sacred poet conceals his name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought God is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the inspired author.

3. The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries. 12

4. But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood,
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint or golden god. 16

[5. With eyes and ears they carve their head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind. 20

6. Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.] 24

7. O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest. 28

8. The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave,
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save. 32

Mij

PSALM CXV. Second Metre, as the new tune of the
5th Psalm.

Popish idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

No r to our names thou only just and true;
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name:
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the Heathen say, "And where's your God?" 6

2. Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done: [throne,
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours and their founts of gold. 12

3. Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love,
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols and their moveless saints. 18

4. The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold,
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,

With tools of iron carve the senseless flock;
 Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock;
 People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.] 24

3. Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 't is hard to say
 Which is more stupid or their gods or they:
 O Israel! trust the Lord, he hears and sees,
 He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace;
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
 He is thy help and he thy heav'nly shield, 30

6. O Britain trust the Lord, thy foes in vain
 Attempt thy ruin and oppose his reign;
 Had they prevail'd darkness had clos'd our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise;
 But we are sav'd and live; let songs arise,
 And Britain blest the God that built the skies, 36

PSALM CXVI. First part.

Recovery from sickness.

I Love the Lord, he heard my cries,
 And pity'd ev'ry groan;
 Long as I live when troubles rise
 I'll hasten to his throne, 34

2. I love the Lord, he bow'd his ear
 And chas'd my griefs away,
 O let my heart no more despair
 While I have breath to pray! 38

3. My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell;
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head. 12

4. "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just,
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my trust." 16

5. The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bid my pains remove;
Return my soul to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love. 20

6. My God hath sav'd my soul from death
And dry'd my falling tears,
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath
And my remaining years. 24

PSALM CXVI. VER. 12, &c. Second part.

*Vows made in trouble paid in the church, or, Publick
thanks for private deliverance.*

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown!
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne. 4

2. Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'rings shall be paid,
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made. 8

3. How much is mercy thy delight
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!

4. How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord I devote to thee.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move,
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain
 And bound me with thy love.

6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness ye saints who hear me now
 If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

O All ye nations praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue,
 In ev'ry language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.

2. His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land,
 Proclaim his grace abroad;
 For ever firm his truth shall stand:
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise,
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue. 4

2. Eternal are thy mercies Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word,
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more. 8

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

THY name almighty Lord
 Shall sound thro' distant lands;
 Great is thy grace and sure thy word,
 Thy truth for ever stands. 5

2. Far be thine honour spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and ev'ning shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more. 8

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 6,—15. First part.

Deliverance from a tumult.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
 Nor is my faith afraid
 What all the sons of earth can do
 Since heav'n affords its aid. 4

2. 'Tis safer Lord to hope in thee
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree
And on their truth depend. 8

3. Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine almighty arm. 12

4. 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song
How cheerful is my voice! 16

5. Like angry bees they girt me round,
When God appears they fly;
So burning thorns with crackling sound
Make a fierce blaze and die. 20

6. Joy to the saints and peace belongs,
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace. 24

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 17,—21. Second part.

Publick praise for deliverance from death.

LORD thou hast heard thy servant cry
And rescu'd from the grave,
Now shall he live (and none can die
If God resolve to save.) 4

2. Thy praise more constant than before
 Shall fill his daily breath,
 Thy hand that hath chastis'd him fore
 Defends him still from death.

3. Open the gates of Sion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The house where all the righteous go
 Thy mercy to declare.

4. Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise,
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22, 23. Third part.

Christ the foundation of his church.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
 Which God in Sion lays,
 To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the name,
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain,
 Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4. What tho' the gates of hell withstood
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God!
And wondrous in our eyes†.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 24, 25, 26. Fourth part.

Hosanna, the Lord's day, or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own,
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell,
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from the throne.

† These five verses, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious prophecy of Christ, I have explained them at large in the language of 'The New Testament in two distinct hymns; 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6. Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him shall not be ashamed-- Disallowed of men, but chosen of God, and precious. Matt. xvi. 18. Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. See the Notes on the following hymns.

4. Blest be the Lord who comes to men
 With messages of grace,
 Who comes in God his Father's name
 To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise,
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler praise †.

PSALM CXVIII. Ver. 22, — 27. Short Metre.

An hosanna for the Lord's day, or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

SEE what a living Stone
 The builders did refuse!
 Yet God hath built his church thereon
 In spite of envious Jews.

2. The scribe and angry priest
 Reject thine only Son,
 Yet on this Rock shall Sion rest
 As the chief corner-stone.

† See the Notes on the foregoing and following hymns. — Stanza i. This is the day wherein Christ fulfilled his sufferings and rose from the dead, and has honoured it with his own name, Rev. i. 10. *The Lord's day.* — Stanza iii. This verse is explained Matt. xxi. 9. *Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest.* The word *hosanna* signifies *save we beseech*.

3. The work, O Lord! is thine,
 And wondrous in our eyes;
 This day declares it all divine,
 This day did Jesus rise. 12

4. This is the glorious day
 That our Redeemer made;
 Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
 Let all the church be glad. 16

5. Hosanna to the King
 Of David's royal blood;
 Bless him ye saints; he comes to bring
 Salvation from your God. 20

6. We bless thine holy word
 Which all this grace displays,
 And offer on thine altar Lord!
 Our sacrifice of praise †. 24

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Long Metre.

An hosanna for the Lord's day, or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

Lo! what a glorious Corner-stone
 The Jewish builders did refuse!
 But God hath built his church thereon
 In spite of envy and the Jews. 4

† Stanza vi. The 27th verse must be explained evangelically; the gospel is our light, our altar is Christ, and our sacrifices are prayer and praise, *Heb. xiii. 10, 15.*

2. Great God! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise. 2

3. Sinners rejoice and saints be glad,
Hosanna let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest! 11

4. In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race,
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise †. 16

PSALM CXIX †. First part.

The blessedness of saints and misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

Bless'd are the undefil'd in heart
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin. 4

† Stanza iii. *Hosanna* signifies *save we beseech*, as ver. 25; and since the *hosanna* is ascribed to Christ in *Matt. xxi. 9*. it seems to mean properly *in acclamation to Christ as King*, as we say in our language *God save the king*, or *God bless the king*, though in the common metre I have turned it as a short prayer for our own salvation in the sense in which it is often understood.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them; but the verses are much transposed to at-

2. Bless'd are the men that keep thy word
And practise thy commands,
With their whole heart they seek the Lord
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3. Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4. Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5. But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst,
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6. Vile as the dross the wicked are,
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

tain some degree of connexion.-----In some places among the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises*, &c. as more agreeable to the New Testament and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scripture.

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PSALM CXIX. Second part.

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness, or, Constant converse with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

To thee before the dawning light
My gracious God I pray,
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day. 43

Ver. 81.

2. My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up,
And while salvation long delays
Thy word supports my hope. 32

Ver. 164.

3. Sev'n times a day I lift my hands
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me. 36

Ver. 62.

4. When midnight darkness veils the skies
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise
And sweet acceptance find. 40

PSALM CXIX. Third part.

Professions of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

THOU art my portion O my God!
 Soon as I know thy way
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.

44

Ver. 30, 14.

2. I chuse the path of heav'nly truth
 And glory in my choice;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.

43

Ver. 30, 14.

3. The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes,
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

32

Ver. 59.

4. If once I wander from thy path
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to thy commands
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.

36

Ver. 94, 114.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 O save thy servant Lord,
 Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
 My hope is in thy word.

60

Ver. 112.

6. Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil,
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

64

PSALM CXIX. Fourth part.

Instruction from scripture.

Ver. 9.

How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

68

Ver. 30.

2. When once it enters to the mind
It spreads such light abroad
The meanest souls instruction find
And raise their thoughts to God.

72

Ver. 105.

3. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day,
And thro' the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

76

Ver. 99, 100.

4. The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

80

Ver. 104, 113.

5. Thy precepts make me truly wise,
 I hate the sinner's road,
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love thy law my God. 84

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

[6. The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place,
 And these thy servants night and day
 Thy skill and pow'r express. 88

7. But still thy law and gospel Lord
 Have lessons more divine;
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.] 92

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8. Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is ev'ry page!
 That holy Book shall guide our youth
 And well support our age. 96

PSALM CXIX. Fifth part.

Delight in scripture, or, The word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

O How I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight,
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night. 100

Ver. 148.

2. My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate thy word,
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy gospel Lord. 104

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3. How doth thy word my heart engage!
 How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yields me a heav'nly song. 108

Ver. 19, 103.

4. Am I a stranger or at home
 'Tis my perpetual feast;
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste. 112

Ver. 72, 127.

5. No treasures so enrich the mind,
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold. 116

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6. When nature sinks and spirits droop
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise. 120

PSALM CXIX. Sixth part.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

LORD! I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just,
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

124

Ver. 97, 9.

2. Thy precepts often I survey,
 I keep thy law in sight
 Thro' all the bus'ness of the day
 To form my actions right.

128

Ver. 62.

3. My heart in midnight silence cries
 "How sweet thy comforts be!"
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise
 And bring their thanks to thee.

132

Ver. 162.

4. And when my spirit drinks her fill
 At some good word of thine,
 Not mighty men that share the spoil
 Have joys compar'd to mine.

136

PSALM CXIX. Seventh part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

Ver. 96. paraphrased.

LET all the Heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book,
 Great God! if once compar'd with thine
 How mean their writings look!

140

2. Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
 But thine conduct to heav'n. 144

3. I 'ave seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the pow'rs of nature fall
 And can no farther go. 148

4. Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought,
 But thy commands exceeding broad
 Extend to ev'ry thought. 152

5. In vain we boast perfection here
 While sin defiles our frame,
 And sinks our virtues down so far
 They scarce deserve the name. 156

6. Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
 Fall far below thy word,
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord. 160

PSALM CXIX. Eighth part.

*The word of God is the saints' portion, or, The excellency
 and variety of scripture.*

Ver. III paraphrased.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage,
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage. 164

2. I'll read the hist'ries of thy love
And keep thy law in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight. 168

3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies. 174

4. The best relief that mourners have
It makes our sorrows blest,
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest. 176

PSALM CXIX: Ninth part.

Desire of knowledge, or, The teachings of the Spirit with the word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word
And see thy wonders there. 180

Ver. 73, 125.

2. My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do. 184

Volume II.

I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips in praise
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

Ver. 19. And said heart II 1-2

3. Since I'm a stranger here below
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go
And be my constant guide. 188

Ver. 26. I will be against sin

4. When I confess'd my wand'ring ways
Thou heard'st my soul complain,
Grant me the teachings of thy grace
Or I shall stray again. 192

Ver. 33, 34. And said heart II 1-2

5. If God to me his statutes shew
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart. 196

Ver. 50, 71.

6. This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief,
It made me learn thy word the more
And fly to that relief. 200

Ver. 51. And said heart II 1-2

7. In vain the proud deride me now,
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go
Whence all my hopes I draw. 204

Ver. 27, 171. And said heart II 1-2

8. When I have learn'd my Father's will
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.] 208

PSALM CXIX. Tenth part.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord!
 Devoted to thy fear,
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2. Haft thou not writ salvation down
 And promis'd quick'ning grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne
 And yet thy love delays?

Ver. 123, 42.

3. Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,
 O bear thy servant up!
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
 Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear;
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward
 And trust as well as fear.

PSALM CXXI. Eleventh part.

Breathing after belinfa.

Ver. 5, 33.

O That the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will! 228

Ver. 19.

2. O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part. 231

Ver. 37, 36.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine. 236

Ver. 133.

4. Order my footsteps by thy word
 And make my heart sincere,
 Let sin have no dominion Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear. 240

Ver. 176.

5. My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip,
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep. 244

Ver. 35.

6. Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road,
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth part.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

My God, consider my distrels,
 Let mercy plead my cause,
 Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace
 I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2. Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
 Which I so justly fear,
 Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
 Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3. Be thou a surety Lord for me,
 Nor let the proud oppress,
 But make thy waiting servant see
 The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 81.

4. My eyes with expectation fail,
 My heart within me cries
 "When will the Lord his truth fulfil
 "And make my comforts rise?"

O iij

Ver. 132.

5. Look down upon my sorrows Lord!
 And shew thy grace the same,
 As thou art ever wont t' afford
 To those that love thy name. 268

PSALM CXIX. Thirteenth part.

Holy fear and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.

WITH my whole heart I 'ave sought thy face,
 O let me never stray
 From thy commands, O God of grace!
 Nor tread the sinners' way. 272

Ver. 11.

2. Thy word I 'ave hid within my heart
 To keep my conscience clean,
 And be an everlasting guard
 From every rising sin. 276

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3. I 'm a companion of the faine
 Who fear and love the Lord;
 My sorrows rise, my nature faine,
 When men transgress thy word. 280

Ver. 161, 163.

4. While sinners do thy gospel wrong
 My spirit stands in awe;
 My soul abhors a lying tongue,
 But loves thy righteous law. 284

Ver. 161, 120.

5. My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word,
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6. My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still,
While thy whole law is my delight
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourteenth part.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 1, 3, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my sorrows Lord!
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2. Yet I have found 't is good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3. This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4. Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight
Had sunk amongst the dead. 308

Ver. 75.

5. I know thy judgments Lord are right
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care. 312

Ver. 67.

6. Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray,
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way. 316

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth part.

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

O That thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find. 320

Ver. 15, 16.

1. To meditate thy precepts Lord!
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy. 324

Ver. 32.

3. How would I run in thy commands
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large? 328

Ver. 13, 46.

4. My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name,
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame. 332

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5. Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight. 336

Ver. 115.

6. Depart from me ye wicked race
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will. 340

Ver. 115.

PSALM CXIX. Sixteenth part.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

My soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine. 344

2. I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race
 Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3. When sore afflictions press me down
 I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Thy word that I have rested on
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4. Are not thy mercies sov'reign still
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5. Does not my heart thy precepts love
 And long to see thy face?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

6. Then shall I love thy gospel more
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
 To draw me near the Lord.

364

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth part.

*Courage and perseverance under persecution, or, Grace
shining in difficulties and trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me Lord,
All my support is from thy word;
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace. 363

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2. The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline. 372

Ver. 161, 78.

3. They hate me Lord without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws,
But I will trust and fear thy name
Till pride and malice die with shame. 376

PSALM CXIX. Last part.

Sanctified afflictions, or, Delight in the word of God.

Ver. 67, 59.

FATHER! I bless thy gentle hand,
How kind was thy chastising rod
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God! 380

2. Foolish and vain, I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges Lord;
 I left my guide and lost my way,
 But now I love and keep thy word.

384

Ver. 71.

3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke
 That I might learn his statutes well.

388

Ver. 72.

4. The law that issues from thy mouth
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more
 Than all the treasures of the south,
 Or western hills of golden ore.

392

Ver. 73.

5. Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my soul within;
 Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

396

Ver. 74.

6. Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my salvation shall rejoice,
 For I have hoped in thy word,
 And made thy grace my only choice.

400

PSALM CXXI †.

*Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours, or, A devout wish
for peace.*

THOU God of love, thou ever blest!

Pity my suff'ring state,

When wilt thou set my soul at rest

From lips that love deceit?

2. Hard lot of mine I my days are cast

Among the sons of strife,

Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste

My golden hours of life.

3. O might I fly to change my place,

How would I chuse to dwell

In some wide lonesome wilderness,

And leave these gates of hell!

4. Peace is the blessing that I seek,

How lovely are its charms!

I am for peace, but when I speak

They all declare for arms.

5. New passions still their souls engage

And keep their malice strong

What shall be done to curb thy rage

O thou devouring tongue!

† I hope the transposition of several verses of the Psalm is no disadvantage to this imitation of it, nor will the spirit of the gospel and charity at the end render it less agreeable to Christian ears.

6. Should burning arrows smite thee thro'
 Strict justice would approve,
 But I had rather spare my foe
 And melt his heart with love.

24

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies,
 Thence all her help my soul derives,
 There my almighty Refuge lives.

4

2. He lives, the everlasting God
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

8

3. He guides our feet, he guards our way,
 His morning smiles bless all the day,
 He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

12

4. Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

16

5. No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch, no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

20

6. Should earth and hell with malice bürh;
 Still thou shalt go and still return
 Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
 Defends thy life from ev'ry snare. 24

7. On thee foul spirits have no pow'r;
 And in thy last departing hour
 Angels that trace the airy road
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God †. 28

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre:

Preservation by day and night.

To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid;
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid. 4

2. Their feet shall never slide to fall
 Whom he designs to keep,
 His ear attends the softest call,
 His eyes can never sleep. 8

3. He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm. 12

4. Israel rejoice and rest secure;
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For thine eternal guard. 16

† See the Notes on Psalm xli.

5. Nor scorching sun nor sickly moon
 Shall have his leave to smite,
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

6. He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come,
 Go and return secure from death
 Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. as the 148th Psalm.

God our preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid,
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly,
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.

2. My feet shall never slide
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God my guard and guide
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes
 That never sleep
 Shall Israel keep
 When dangers rise.

3. No burning heats by day
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air
 Shall take my health away
 If God be with me there:
 Thou art my sun
 And thou my shade
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.

4. Hast thou not giv'n thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath:
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to church.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say
 "In Sion let us all appear
 And keep the solemn day!"
 2. I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church adorn'd with grace
 Stands like a palace built for God
 To shew his milder face.

3. Up to her courts with joys unknown
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne
 And sits in judgment there. 12

4. He hears our praises and complaints,
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints
 We tremble and rejoice. 16

5. Peace be within this sacred place
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be her attendants blest! 20

6. My soul shall pray for Sion still
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns. 24

PSALM CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to church.

How pleas'd and blest'd was I
 To hear the people cry
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day."
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Sion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2. Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound. 12

3. There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the faint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear. 18

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest:
The man that seeks thy peace
And wishes thine increase
A thousand blessings on him rest! 24

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his bless'd abode
My soul shall ever love thee well. 30

‡ Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with submission.

O Thou whose grace and justice reign
 Anthon'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

2. As servants watch their master's hand
 And fear the angry stroke,
 Or maids before their mistress stand
 And wait a peaceful look,

3. So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline O God,
 Yet wait the gracious moment still
 Till thou remove thy rod.

4. Those that in wealth and pleasure live
 Our daily groans deride,
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

5. Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies:
 This thought shall bear our spirits up
 That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.

A song for the fifth of November.

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say;
 Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
 When men to make our lives a prey
 Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2. The swelling tide had stopp'd our breath,
 So fiercely did the waters roll,
 We had been swallow'd deep in death,
 Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3. We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
 So flies the bird with cheerful wing
 When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4. For ever blessed be the Lord
 Who broke the fowler's curfed snare,
 Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
 And made our lives and souls his care.

5. Our help is in Jehovah's name
 Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
 He that upholds that wondrous frame
 Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The saints' trial and safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
 That leans O Lord on thee.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground
 As those eternal arms of love
 That ev'ry saint surround.

3. While tyrants are a smarting scourge
 To drive them near to God
 Divine compassion does allay
 The fury of the rod.

4. Deal gently Lord with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of paradise
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5. But if we trace those crooked ways
 That the old serpent drew,
 The wrath that drove him first to hell
 Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The saints' trial and safety, or, Moderated afflictions.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God,
Firm as the mount where David dwelt
Or where the ark abode.

2. As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his faints around.

3. What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wounds their souls too deep
Its fury shall be broke.

4. Deal gently Lord with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the faint;
The God of Israel will support
His children lest they faint.

6. But if our slavish fear
Will chuse the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell †.

† The last stanza of this metre more clearly expresses the true sense of the Psalmist in this place.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprising deliverance.

WHEN God restor'd our captive state
 Joy was our song and grace our theme;
 The grace beyond our hopes so great
 That joy appear'd a painted dream. 4

2. The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honours to thy name,
 While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim. 8

3. When we review our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they had vanish'd so;
 With God we left our flowing tears,
 He makes our joys like rivers flow. 12

4. The man that in his furrow'd field
 His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves. 16

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable conversion, or, Melancholy removed.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream
 The grace appear'd so great. 4

2. The world beheld the glorious change
 And did thy hand confess, *LIVELIER PSALM*
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains
 And sung surprising grace. 8

3. "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
 And own'd the pow'r divine,
 "Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
 "And be the glory thine." 12

4. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night,
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight. 16

5. Let those that so in sadness wait
 Till the fair harvest come,
 They shall confess their sheaves are great
 And shout the blessings home. 20

6. Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust
 It sha' n't deceive their hope;
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop. 24

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

If God succeed not all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep
The watchful guards as well may sleep. 4

2. What if you rise before the sun
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread
To shun that poverty you dread? 8

3. 'Tis all in vain till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too
If God our Sov'reign make them so. 12

4. Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How sweet our daily comforts prove
When they are season'd with his love! 16

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

If God to build the house deny
The builders work in vain,
And towns without his wakeful eye
An useless watch maintain. 4

2. Before the morning beams arise

Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3. Short be your sleep and coarse your fare;

In vain till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care
You shall have food and rest.

4. Nor children, relatives, nor friends,

Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

16

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family blessings.

O Happy man whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.

2. A careful providence shall stand

And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3. Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine,

Thy children round thy board
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

Q ij

4. The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come,
The Lord who dwells on Sion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home. 16

5. This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace. 20

PSALM CXXIX.

Persecutors punished.

Up from my youth may Israel say
Have I been nurs'd in tears,
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years. 4

2. Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife,
Oft' they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life. 8

3. Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep. 12

4. The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly. 16

5. How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Sion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.

6. Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky,
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

[7. What tho' they flourish tall and fair
They have no root beneath,
Their growth shall perish in despair
And lie despis'd in death.]

[8. So corn that on the housetop stands
No hope of harvest gives!
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.]

9. It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace,

Out of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God! should thy severer eye
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity
No mortal flesh could stand. 8

3. But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee. 12

[4. I wait for thy salvation Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul invited by thy word
Stands watching at thy gate.] 16

[5. Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light
And meet them with their eyes; 20

6. So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face
And finds a brighter day.] 24

[7. Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face,
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace. 28

8. There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.] 32

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts
 To thee my God I rais'd my cries;
 If thou severely mark our faults
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes. 4

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace
 Free to dispense thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach thy face,
 And hope and love as well as fear. 8

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long and wish for breaking day,
 So waits my soul before thy gate:
 When will my God his face display? 12

4. My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain. 16

5. Great is his love and large his grace
 Thro' the redemption of his Son:
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done. 20

And thus shall we be saved
 By the blood of our Lord
 Jesus Christ the Son of God
 Who has paid the price of our souls
 And has bought us with his blood
 To himself a peculiar people
 Zealous of good works

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and submission.

Is there ambition in my heart?
 Search gracious God and see,
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord I appeal to thee.

2. I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content my Father with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3. The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward:
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 3, 13,—18. Long Metre.

At the settlement of a church or the ordination of a minister.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
 An habitation for our God,
 A dwelling for th' eternal Mind
 Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2. The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Sion for his ancient rest,
And Sion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

8

3. Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever faith the Lord;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

12

4. Here will I meet the hungry poor
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

16

5. Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace
My priests my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron in his costly dress
Made an appearance so divine.

20

6. The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Sion triumph in her King.

24

[7. Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name,
His crown shall flourish on his head
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.]

28

PSALM CXXXII. VER. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15,—17. Com. Met.

A church established.

[No sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford
Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord. 4

2. The Lord in Sion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there,
To Sion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a-year. 8

3. But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now
There is a house for God.] 12

PAUSE.

4. Arise, O King of grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be own'd and blest. 16

5. Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

6. Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread,
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7. Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine,
Justice and truth his court maintain
With love and pow'r divine.

8. Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love

Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety?

* The settlement of the ark in Zion is a fair type of the dwelling of Christ in his churches, and I have so copied this Psalm in both metres, omitting the verses less necessary to this sense.—Stanza ii. *Thrice in the year shall all your male children appear before the Lord, &c.* Exod. xxxiv. 23.—Stanza iii. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them,* Matt. xviii. 20. *The house of God, the church, &c.* 1 Tim. iii. 15.

2. When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole, 8

3. 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread; 12

4. 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews
And makes his grace distil. 16

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of saints, or, Love and worship in a family.

BLESS'D are the sons of peace -
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run. 4

2. Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet. 8

3. Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread
And pleasure fill'd the room. 12

4. Thus on the heav'nly hills

The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

16

PSALM CXXXIII. as the 121d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

How pleasant 't is to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart
In all the cares of life and love!

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed

On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes and blest his feet.

12

3. Like fruitful show'rs of rain

That water all the plain
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul
Where love like heav'nly dew distils †.

18

† Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

Volume II.

R

PSALM CXXXIV.

*Daily and nightly devotion.***Ye** that obey th' immortal King

Attend his holy place,

Bow to the glories of his pow'r,

And bless his wondrous grace.

2. Lift up your hands by morning light

And send your souls on high,

Raife your admiring thoughts by night

Above the starry sky.

3. The God of Sion cheers our hearts

With rays of quick'ning grace,

The God that spread the heav'ns abroad

And rules the swelling seas†.

† This Psalm, with several others near it, is called a *Song of Degrees*, that is, to be sung on the steps ascending to the tabernacle or temple, as the learned suppose. The king and his attendants sung the two first verses, addressing themselves to the Levites that kept the house of the Lord, and the third verse is the response of the Levites to the King. There was a necessity of changing the form of this Psalm to suit it to our usual Christian worship.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 1,—4, 14, 19,—21. First part.

Long Metre.

The church is God's house and care.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name;
While in his holy courts ye wait;
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate. 4

2. Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy. 8

3. The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends,
And when he hears their sore complaints
Repents the sorrows that he sends. 12

4. Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' almighty God. 16

5. Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name;
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem. 20

R ij

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 5,—12. Second part. Long Met.

*The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel,
and destruction of enemies.*

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please in earth, or sea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done. 4

2. At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roary;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store. 8

3. 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt! thro' thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand. 12

4. What mighty nations, mighty kings,
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave. 16

5. His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess
Whence those apostate angels fell †. 20

† This Psalm was too long to be sung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two parts conveniently without transposing the verse considerably as in the titles. The ejection of the Canaanites and the inheritance of their land given to Israel is a fair figure of the inheritance of heaven given to the saints, whence sinning angels were ejected, as in the last stanza.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

A WAKE ye saints to praise your King,
 Your sweetest passions raise,
 Your pious pleasure while you sing
 Increasing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown
 Are his divine employ,
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy.

3. Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand,
 He bids the vapours rise,
 Lightning and storm at his command
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4. All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
 Is found with him alone,
 But Heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
 Where our Jehovah's known.

5. Which of the flocks or flocks they trust
 Can give them show'rs of rain?
 In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
 And pray to gold in vain.

[6. Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
 Such as their makers gave,
 Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
 Nor hands have pow'r to save.

7. Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their relief
Are blind and deaf as they.] 28

8. O Britain I know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear,
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there †. 32

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

*God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel,
and salvation of his people.*

Give thanks to God the sov'reign Lord,
His mercies still endure,
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure. 4

2. What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone;
How wide is his command! 8

† This Psalm is much abridged in this metre to reduce the most useful parts of it to one shorter divine song. In the fifth stanza I have borrowed a verse from Jer. xiv. 22. *Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can cause Rain?*

3. The sun supplies the day with light,
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night,
His works are all divine. 12

4. He struck the sons of Egypt dead,
How dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led,
How gracious is our God! 16

5. He cleft the swelling sea in two,
His arm is great in might,
And gave the tribes a passage thro',
His pow'r and grace unite. 20

6. But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd,
How glorious are his ways!
And brought his saints thro' desert ground,
Eternal be his praise. 24

7. Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
Victorious is his sword;
While Israel took the promis'd land,
And faithful is his word. 28

8. He saw the nations dead in sin,
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in:
How boundless was his love! 32

9. He sent to save us from our wo,
His goodness never fails,
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe,
And still his grace prevails. 36

10. Give thanks to God the heav'nly King,
His mercies still endure,
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
His truth is ever sure †.

40

PSALM CXXXVI. as the 148th Psalm.

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2. How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

16

† In every stanza of this Psalm I have endeavoured to imitate the chorus or burden of the song, *For his mercy endureth for ever*, and yet to maintain a perpetual variety.

3. His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light,
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4. He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of Egypt, dead,
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5. His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red sea in two,
And for his people made
A wondrous passage thro'.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6. But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd,
And brought his Israel safe
Thro' a long desert ground.

Thy mercy Lord
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7. The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand,
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8. He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9. He sent his only Son
To save us from our wo,
From Satan, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10. Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly King,
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 Thy mercy Lord
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word †. 35

PSALM CXXI. Abridged. Long Metre.

GIVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song. 4

2. Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown:
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When lords and kings are known no more. 8

3. He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song. 12

† In this metre and the next I have maintained the chorus,
 For his mercy endureth for ever, in a double form, to be used
 alternately, that is, in every other stanza.

4. He fills the sun with morning-light,
 He bids the moon direct the night:
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When suns and moons shall shine no more. 16

5. The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 And brought them to the promis'd land:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song. 20

6. He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within:
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When death and sin shall reign no more. 24

7. He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song. 28

8. Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
 His mercies ever shall endure
 When this vain world shall be no more. 32

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving grace.

[WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song and join the praise. 4

2. Angels that make thy church their care
 Shall witness my devotions there,
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.] 3

3. I'll sing thy truth and mercy Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
 Not all thy works and names below
 So much thy pow'r and glory show. 12

4. To God I cry'd when troubles rose,
 He heard me and subdu'd my foes,
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul. 16

5. The God of heav'n maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud and scorns the great,
 But from his throne descends to see
 The sons of humble poverty. 20

6. Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand,
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive. 24

7. Grace will complete what grace begins
 To save from sorrows or from sins:
 The work that Wisdom undertakes
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes †. 28

† Stanza i, and ii. Angels or kings are the gods before whom the Psalmist would sing praise to his Creator; but common Christians having so little of the presence of kings in their worship I have mentioned only the company of angels.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The allseeing God.

LORD! thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs. 4

2. My thoughts before they are my own
 Are to my God distinctly known;
 He knows the words I mean to speak
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break. 8

3. Within thy circling pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God. 12

4. Amazing knowledge vast and great!
 What large extent! what lofty height!
 My soul with all the pow'rs I boast
 Is in the boundless prospect lost. 16

5. O may these thoughts possess my breast
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there. 20

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6. Could I so false, so faithless, prove
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run! 24

7. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light,
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains. 28

8. If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive. 32

9. Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day. 36

10. O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there. 40

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11. The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy allsearching eyes,
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon. 44

Sij

12. Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God! they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye. 48

13. O may these thoughts possess my breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there. 52

PSALM CXXIX. Second part. Long Metre. 8

The wonderful formation of man.

1. I WAS from thy hand, my God! I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine. 4

2. Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book. 8

3. By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art. 12

4. At last to shew my Maker's name
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind. 16

5. There the young seeds of thought began,
 And all the passions of the man:
 Great God! our infant nature pays
 Immortal tribute to thy praise. 20

PAUSE.

6. Lord! since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The pow'r of numbers to recount. 24

7. I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The num'rous wonders of thy grace. 28

8. These on my heart are still impress'd,
 With these I give my eyes to rest,
 And at my waking hour I find
 God and his love possess my mind. 32

PSALM CXXXIX. Third part. Long Metre.

Sincerity professed, and grace tried, or, The heart-searching God.

My God! what inward grief I feel
 When impious men transgress thy will!
 I mourn to hear their lips profane
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2. Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee
I count them enemies to me.

3. Lord! search my soul, try ev'ry thought,
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise
I beg the trial of thine eyes. 12

4. Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way. 16

‡ In this noble Psalm I have not refused the aid of my predecessors, chiefly Mr. Tate. In some places where I have borrowed I hope I have improved the verse, and in others my own design constrained me to leave out the words of a more poetick sound, such as *infernal plains*, *morning's wings*, *western main*, *fable wings of night*, *shapeless embryo*, *maze of life*, &c.; yet I have endeavoured to maintain the spirit of the Psalmist in plainer language.—The epiphonema, or the burden of the song, that I have inserted three times in the first part, was not introduced by any means to add beauty to the poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient lengths for singing, which has too often confined the ode and debased it.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Common Metre.

God is every where.

IN all my vast concerns with thee

In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence Lord! or flee

The notice of thine eye.

2. Thy allsurrounding sight surveys

My rising and my rest,

My publick walks, my private ways,

And secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord

Before they're form'd within,

And ere my lips pronounce the word

He knows the sense I mean.

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!

Where can a creature hide!

Within thy circling arms I lie,

Beset on ev'ry side.

5. So let thy grace surround me still,

And like a bulwark prove,

To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,

Secur'd by sov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6. Lord! where shall guilty souls retire,

Forgotten and unknown?

In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,

In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7. Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave resign. 28

8. If wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand which must support my flight
Would soon betray my rest. 32

9. If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light. 36

10. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee,
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r
From which I cannot flee! 40

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand
And all my frame survey,
Lord! 't is thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay. 4

2. Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd
And all my members drew: 8

3. Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part,
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art. 12

4. Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wondrous skill,
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still. 16

5. Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord! to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace. 20

PSALM CXXXIX, ver. 14, 17, 18. Third part.

Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening Psalm.

LORD! when I count thy mercies o'er
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise. 4

2. My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal. 8

3. These on my heart by night I keep,
How kind how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee. 12

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2, 3, 4, 5:

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

A morning or evening Psalm.

My God! accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice. 4

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them Lord
From ev'ry rash and heedless word,
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead. 8

3. O may the righteous when I stray
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words like ointment shed
Shall never bruise but cheer my head. 12

4. When I behold them press'd with grief
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief,
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love. 16

PSALM CXLIII.

God is the hope of the helpless.

To God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief,
In long complaints before his throne.
I pour'd out all my grief.

2. My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God! who all my burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.

3. On ev'ry side I cast mine eye
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

4. Then did I raise a louder cry
And call'd thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."

5. Lord I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty Friend.

6. From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

My righteous Judge! my gracious God! I beseech thee
Hear when I spread my hands abroad, O Lord my God
And cry for succour from thy throne; O Lord my God
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2. Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar
No man alive is guiltless there.

3. Look down in pity Lord! and see:
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4. I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within,
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5. Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up,
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6. For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn,
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

7. My God! thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

28

8. The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!

34

9. In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

36

10. Break off my fetters Lord! and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road
I fly to hide me near my God.

40

11. Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

44

12. Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain,
And flesh that was my foe before
Shall never vex my spirit more.

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Volume II.

T

PSALM CXLIV. VER. 1, 2. First part.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my shield!
 He sends his Spirit with his word
 To arm me for the field.

2. When sin and hell their force unite
 He makes my soul his care,
 Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
 And guards me thro' the war.

3. A friend and helper so divine
 Doth my weak courage raise,
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise †.

The sense of a great part of this Psalm is found often repeated in the book of Psalms; I have therefore only taken three small parts of it, and formed three distinct hymns on very different subjects.

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. Second part.

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

LORD! what is man, poor feeble man!

Born of the earth at first?

His life a shadow light and vain,

Still hastening to the dust.

2. O what is feeble dying man,

Or any of his race,

That God should make it his concern

To visit him with grace!

3. That God who darts his lightnings down,

Who shakes the worlds above,

And mountains tremble at his frown,

How wondrous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 12,—15. Third part.

Grace above riches, or, The happy nation.

HAPPY the city where their sons,

Like pillars round a palace set,

And daughters bright as polish'd stones,

Give strength and beauty to the state.

Tij

2. Happy the country where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase,
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3. Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bless'd are those
On whom the allsufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.

The greatness of God.

My God, my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.

2. The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3. Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4. Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5. Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue. 20

6. But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds,
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise †. 24

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1,—7, 11,—13. First part.

The greatness of God.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love!
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above. 4

2. Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his pow'r be great,
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat. 8

3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And while my lips rejoice
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice. 12

† The verses of this Psalm are here transposed in this manner, namely, 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 3.

T iij

4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name
 And children learn thy ways,
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim
 And nations sound thy praise.

5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall thro' the world be known,
 Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
 With publick splendour shown.

6. The world is manag'd by thy hands,
 Thy saints are rul'd by love,
 And thine eternal kingdom stands
 Tho' rocks and hills remove.

24

PSALM CXLV. Second part.

The goodness of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King!
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

2. God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies,
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food,
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

32

4. How kind are thy compassions Lord!
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word
 To cheer the souls he loves. 16

5. Creatures with all their endless race
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim,
 But saints that taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy name *. 20

PSALM CXLV. ver. 14, 17, &c. Third part.

Mercy to sufferers, or, God bearing prayer.

LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all!
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

2. When sorrow bows the spirit down
 Or virtue lies distrest
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest. 3

3. The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
 And guides our giddy youth;
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth. 12

* The verses of this Psalm are here transposed thus, 7, 9, 15,
 16, 8, 10.

4. He knows the pains his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 His grace is ever nigh. 16

5. His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere,
 He saves the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear. 20

[6. His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
 And pierce their hearts with pain,
 But none that serve the Lord shall say
 "They sought his aid in vain,"] 24

[7. My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God †.] 28

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine,
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God. 4

† The various transpositions that I have made in several parts of this Psalm were necessary to divide it into proper lengths for publick worship, and to reduce the verses of a like sense together.

2. Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs
While immortality endures:

My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being, last.

3. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5. His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7. He loves his faints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Sion! ever reigns,
Praise him in everlasting strains †.

† This Psalm consists so much of single sentences that a small and easy transposition of the verses, with a very few lines added, will afford a metre to the tune of the cxliith Psalm, with a repetition of the first stanza at the end to complete the tune as follows.

PSALM CXLVI. as the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being, last,
 Or immortality endures. 6

2. Why should I make a man my trust?

Princes must die and turn to dust;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
 Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good. 12

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely

On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure,
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain. 18

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,

The Lord supports the sinking mind,
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release. 24

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Sion! ever reigns;
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

6. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life, and thought, and being, last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First part.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord; it is good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise:
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

2. The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name,
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.

3. He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4. Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just;
And treads the wicked to the dust. 16

PAUSE.

5. Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain. 20

6. He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn,
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry. 24

7. What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him. 28

8. But faints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight,
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there. 32

PSALM CXLVII. Second part.

Summer and winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O Britain! praise thy mighty God,
 And make his honours known abroad;
 He bid the ocean round thee flow,
 Not bars of brass could guard thee so;
 2. Thy children are secure and blest,
 Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
 He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
 And adds his blessing to their meat;
 3. Thy changing seasons he ordains,
 Thine early and thy latter rains,
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
 And thus the springing corn defends;
 4. With hoary frost he strews the ground,
 His hail descends with clat'ring sound;
 Where is the man so vainly bold
 That dares defy his dreadful cold?
 5. He bids the southern breezes blow,
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
 But he hath nobler works and ways
 To call the Britons to his praise.

6. To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: praise ye the Lord,

24

PSALM CXLVII. ver. 7.—9, 13.—18, Com. Metre.

The seasons of the year.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high,
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2. He sends his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below,
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3. He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry,
But man who tastes his finest wheat
Should raise his honours high.

4. His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year,
He bids the sun cut short his race
And wintry days appear.

5. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground,
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

20

6. When from his dreadful stores on high
 He pours the rattling hail
 The wretch that dares this God defy
 Shall find his courage fail.

7. He sends his word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn,
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.

8. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word;
 With songs and honours sounding loud
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

Ye tribes of Adam join
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright
 In worlds of light
 Begin the song.

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2. Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise;
 With stars of twinkling light,
 His pow'r declare
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3. The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

4. He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last.
 In diff'rent ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous name,
 And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5. Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,

From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6. Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine
Or thunders roar
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7. Ye mountains near the skies
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8. Ye kings and judges fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King,
And while you rule us here
His heav'nly honours sing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9. Virgins and youth engage
 To found his praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feeble voices join.
 Wide as he reigns
 His name be sung
 By ev'ry tongue
 In endless strains.

72

10. Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love.
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise
 His saints shall raise
 His honours high.

80

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PSALM CXLVIII*, paraphrased. Long Metre.

Universal praise to God.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell,
 Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2. The Lord! how absolute he reigns!

Let ev'ry angel bend the knee,
 Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
 And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3. High on a throne his glories dwell,

An awful throne of shining bliss;
 Fly thro' the world O sun, and tell
 How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4. Awake ye tempests, and his fame

In sounds of dreadful praise declare,
 And the sweet whisper of his name
 Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

* This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old cxliith or cxxviith Psalm if these two lines be added to every stanza, namely,

Each of his works his name displays,
 But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the long metre.

5. Let clouds, and winds, and waves, agree
To join their praise with blazing fire,
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire. 29

6. Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill, Had you
Vallies lie low before his eye,
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky. 24

7. Ye stubborn oaks and stately pines
Bend your high branches and adore,
Praise him ye beasts in diff'rent strains,
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar. 28

8. Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you,
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up and mean his praises too. 32

9. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings! 36

10. Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known,
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne. 40

11. Jehovah! 't is a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song. 44

12. Speak of the wonders of that love! He yells
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord; and sound it
From all below and all above and all around
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord. 48

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal praise.

LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts! the song begin,
And sound his name abroad. 4

2. Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights! ye twinkling flames!
Shine to your Maker's praise. 8

3. He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name. 12

4. Ye vapours! when ye rise
Or fall in show'rs or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies!
His pow'r and glory show. 16

5. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord;
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word. 20

6. By all his works above
His honours be exprest,
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

7. Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below!
And monsters of the seas.

8. From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9. Ye lions of the wood!
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10. Ye birds of lofty wing!
On high his praises bear,
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11. Ye creeping ants and worms!
His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms
Praise him that dress'd you so.

12. By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest,
But saints that know his heav'nly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

13. Monarchs of wide command

Praise ye th' eternal King;

Judges adore that sov'reign hand

Whence all your honours spring.

52

14. Let vig'rous youth engage:

To sound his praises high,

While growing babes and with'ring age

Their feeble voices try.

56

15. United zeal be shown

His wondrous fame to raise;

God is the Lord; his name alone

Deserves our endless praise.

60

16. Let nature join with art,

And all pronounce him blest;

But saints that dwell so near his heart

Should sing his praises best,

64

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise God all his saints, or, The saints judging the world,

ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your songs be new,
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.

2. The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing,
And Gentile nations join the praise
While Sion owns her King.

3. The Lord takes pleasure in the just
Whom sinners treat with scorn,
The meek that he despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.

4. Saints should be joyful in their King
Ev'n on a dying bed,
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5. Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword,
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6. When Christ the judgment-seat ascends
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

16

20

24

7. Then shall they rule with iron rod
 Nations that dar'd rebel,
 And join the sentence of their God
 On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8. The royal sinners bound in chains
 New triumphs shall afford;
 Such honour for the saints remains:
 Praise ye and love the Lord †

PSALM CL. VER. 1, 2, 6.

A song of praise.

In God's own house pronounce his praise,
 His grace he there reveals,
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.

† This Psalm seems to be written to encourage the Jews in their wars against the Heathen princes of Canaan, who were divinely sentenced to destruction; but the four last verses of it have been too much abused in later ages to promote sedition and disturbance in the state, so that I chose to refer this honour that is here given to all the saints to the day of judgment, according to those expressions in The New Testament, Matt. ix. 28. *Ye shall sit on twelve thrones judging the tribes, &c.*; Cor. vi. 3. *We shall judge angels*; Rev. ii. 27. and iii. 21. *I will give him power over the nations; he shall rule them with a rod of iron, &c.*

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X

2. Let all your sacred passions move
While you rehearse his deeds,
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest,
Yet when my voice expires in death
My soul shall praise him best †.

† The greatest part of this Psalm suits not my chief design;
I have therefore imitated only the two first verses and the last
in a short doxology or song of praise;—yet since The Christian
Doxology is more used in Christian assemblies I have added that
also.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory, giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints that love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

I.
THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new-creating breath.

Xij

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join. 3

Short Metre.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too. 4

As the 113th Psalm.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n. 6

As the 148th Psalm.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise : 4

With all our pow'rs
Eternal King
Thy name we sing
While faith adores.

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Jan. 12. 1782.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.



With all our power
Heavenly King
Thy name we sing
While faith adores
And love adores
And hope adores

From the ATON TO THREE
OF THE ATON TO
JAN. 12. 1732

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To God the Father
To God the Son
To God the Spirit